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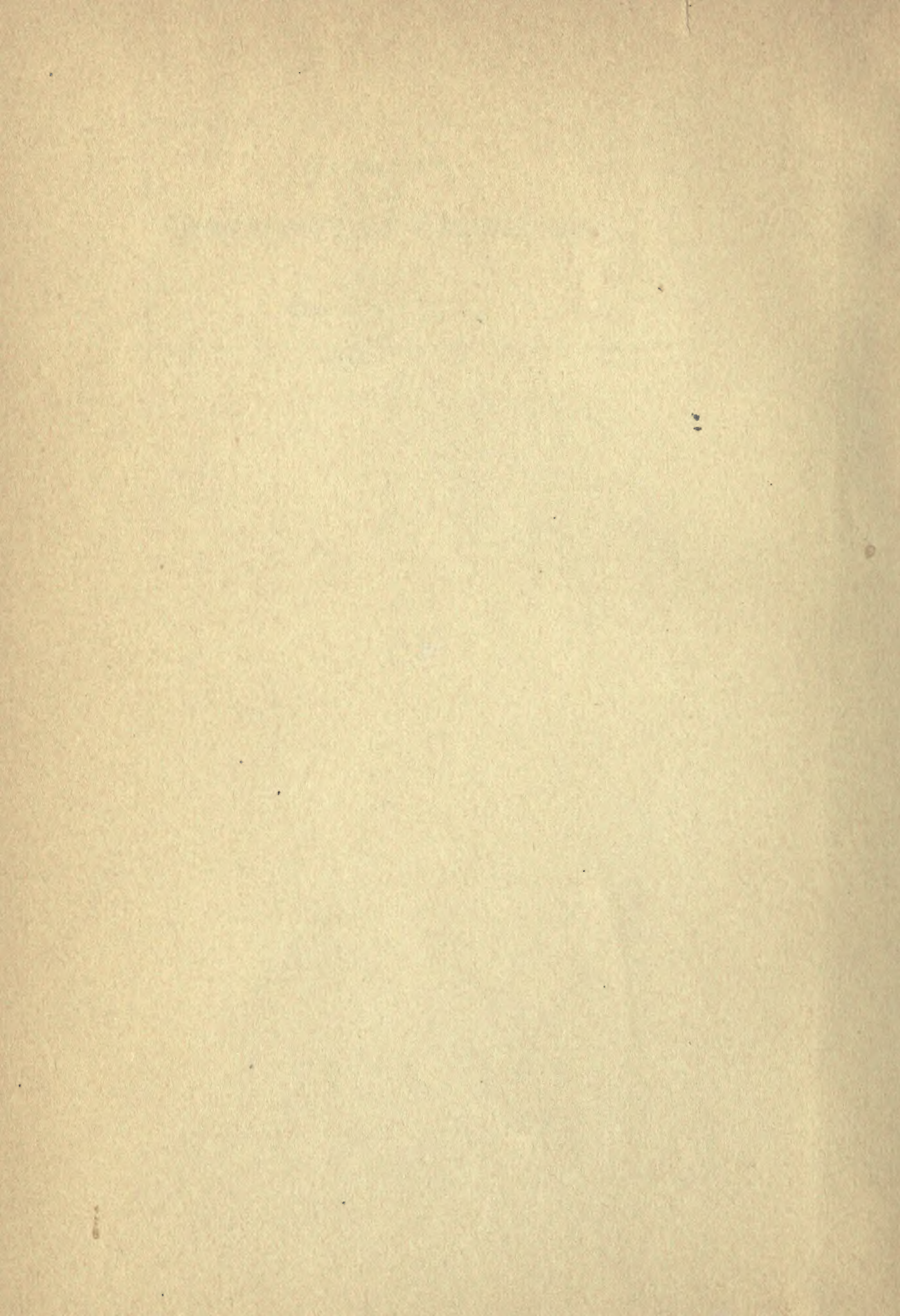
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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Captain Thomas Stukeley

1605

Date of first known edition, 1605

[B.M. C. 21., c. 35(1)]

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1911

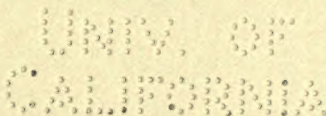
The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

Captain Thomas Stukeley

1605



Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

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Captain Thomas Stukeley

1605

The original of this facsimile reprint is in the British Museum, Press-mark C. 21, c. 35(1). It is (or rather was) like "Fair Em" (q.v), grouped with other tracts; but, this reproduction completed, the volume has been sent to the binder's for each item to be bound separately. This of course will necessitate a new press-mark. Another copy is in the Bodleian Library.

As regards Thomas Stukeley, the subject of the play, see the "D.N.B." and Mr. Simpson's biography of that soldier-worthy.

Mr. J. A. Herbert of the MS. Department of the British Museum, after comparing this facsimile with the original copy reports that the reproduction is of the usual high standard of merit.

JOHN S. FARMER.

THE ³⁴²
Famous Historye of
the life and death of Captaine
Thomas Stukeley.

With his marriage to Alderman
Curteis Daughter, and valiant ending
of his life at the Battaille of
ALCAZAR.

As it hath beene Acted.



Printed for Thomas Pauer, and are to be sold at
his shop at the entrance into the
Exchange, 1605.

THE Famous History of the life and death of Captaine Thomas Stukeley.

Cur. **P**rooked son Vernon, on with your discourse.
Ver. Sir Thomas Curteis, spare that name of
sonne. I must confesse I should haue bin your
sonne, and had thereto your Willies and your
consent.

Cur. And had son Vernon, I and so haue still:
Bones a Dod man, if I be a knight,
Sir Thomas Curteis, and an Alderman.
they that say deny my Daughter is not yours: Roundly off.
by ye and nay I think them not my friends,
Passion of me man, not my Daughter yours:
What say you wife.

Wife. Husband what should I say,
As it not knowne through London, doe not our friends
daily expect the marriage of our childe,
to maister Vernon here: and aske ye me,
what say you wife:

Cur. Why heard ye not his words,
he must confesse he should haue bin our Son:
and thereto had both your consent and mine:
haue you denied him since. Passion of me,
Besse, and Son both, these speeches make me muse
not haue our Daughter.

Wife. Husband, husband, perhaps his mind is chaungd,
or our girls portion is not great enough,
and therefore now he seeks to break it off.

The famous history

Cur. Sits the winde there wise? ha, thinke ye so?
by yea and nay, then wise he deale not well.
Come roundly roundly come, what is the matter?
passion of me, breake off, and for no cause? ha?

Ver. Sir Thomas patience but your selfe awhile.
and you shall see, that more necessitie
breakes off our match.

Cur. On then a Gods name,

Ver. I doubt not, but by marriage of your childe,
you seeke such comforts as the sacred state,
yeelds you as parents, vs as children?

Cur. What else Sonne Vernon?
And those high blessings, no way are attained,
but by the mutuall sympathizing loue,
that as combining hands so shooke the harts,
of either partie, else it cannot be.

Cur. all this is true Sonne Vernon.

Ver. now then Sir Thomas, you cannot expect
these comforts by our matches on neither part
If you giue me her hand and not her hart,
The one I know you may, compulsefully.
the other neuer but unwillingly

Cur. Bones of bod man, how? what haue we here?
her hand and nother hart. Nell, come hither Nell,
passion of me wench, how comes this to passe
we point ye one, you loue another, ha?

Wife. May this be so maide, ha? why speake ye not.

Ver. Madam, and good Sir Thomas be not rough
with your faire daughter, what her bashfulness
conceales from you, fauour me to disclose
See ye this Gentleman here maister Skukley?

Cur. Oh maister Skukly a couerteous Gentleman,
what of him?

Ver. he is the substance of my shadowed loue,
I but a Cipher, in respect of him.
you giue me your consent, but he gaines hers,

you

of Tho. Stukely.

you wed me to her hand, he hath her hart.

Oh what a wrong in you, were this to her,
being your childe, and hope of after ioy,

Oh what a wrong in me, were this to him,
being my friend, my deere, esteemed friend,
to rob her of her harts best happi nes,

him of the good his gracious fortune giues:

If I should hinder him, or you keepe her,
from this right match, which reason doth prefer.

Cur. Wones a bod Nell, howe loue maister Stuklie.

Wife. A handsome proper man, but how now daughter?
must maids be chusers.

Stuk. Madam and kind Sir Thomas, looke on me,
not with disdainfull lookes, or base contempt.

I am a Gentleman, and well deriue,
equall I may say, in all true respects,
with higher fortune then I aime at now.

But since your daughters vertues and firme loue,
in each of vs hath made reselued choise,

Since my deare friend to me hath prebided by,
what right he might prefer to your faire childe,
in true regard of our so mutuall loue:

So you your selues make perfect those faire hopes,
that by contracted marriage you expect,
where either partie reſeeth fully pleas'd.

Hel. Upon my knees deare parents I intreat it,
and count it not in me immodesty,
to loue the man, whom heauen appointed for me.
your choise I must commend, but mine much more,
bearing the seale of firme affection,
his vertues in the publick worlds repute,
deserueth one more worthy then my selfe,
Since maister Vernon then prefers his friende,
before him selfe, and in so iust a case:
let me intreat that reason may take place.

The famous history

Ver. To further it, thus frankly I begin,
here deare Tom Stukly, all the right I haue,
In faire Nell Curtes, I resigne to thee.
be but her parents, please so well as I,
God giue you toy as man, and wife say I.

Stuk. What saies Sir Thomas shall I call him father?
and Madam, you my mother?

Cur. Soft and faire Sir.
Come hither wife, Stukly is a gallant man,
and one here in our Citie much beloued,

Wife. My husband, both in Court and country too,
a Gentleman well borne, and as I heare,
his fathers beire, the match were not amisse
since Nell is so affected to him, and beside,
you see that maister Vernon leaues her quite,

Cur. Passion of me wife, but I heard last day,
hies very wilde, a quarreller, a fighter,
I, and I doubt a spend good too.

Wife. That is but youthfulness, marriag will tame him,
young Gentlemen will run their course awhile,
and yet be nere the worse.

Cur. Say ye so wife,
Well, Son Vernon (should haue bin) and maister Stukley.
Come, we will dine together, and talke more
concerning this new motion. Well Nell, well,
you cannot chuse a man & not you: by yea and nay,
I grow in good opinion of him, come, no more a do,
we will to dinner, and be merry too.

Stuk. I feele thee comming fortune, if it prove,
blest be the wooing speeds so sone of lone. Exeunt.

Enter maister Stukly, and maister Newton,
a scitisen.

Old Stuklie. Woe Lady we haue stten well my host
tis one a clock my watch saies: what saies your clock
Newton

of Tho. Stukely.

Newton. much there about Sir, is it your pleasure we prepare your Lodging.

Old Stuk. What else Sir, nay I will not chang mine host god maister Newton He be hold with you mine old friend and aquantance and companion, who ener else be here I must be one, you shall not drive me from you: that you shall not.

Newton. my very worshipfull and loving friend maister Stukely you are right welcome to my house, and be as hold here as you were at home will you abroad so soon Sir after Dinner.

Old Stuk. Yes Sir about a little Busineses:

Newton. Bespoke me Sir, you have come far to day I pray you rest your selfe this after noone, your Bed shall be made ready if you please, and take to morrow for your Busineses.

Old Stuk. O Sir I thanke you, but it shal not need, I thanke god Sir I am as fresh and lusty as when I set this morning from mine Inn, for forty miles 'tis nothing before noone: now in mid Aprill and the waies so faire.

Newton. I am younger then your selfe by twenty yeers, and Her Lady would not under take it.

Old Stuk. Ho twenty yeers ago: I have ridden from this Towne to my house and nere draw it: but maister Newton those daies and I be parted well Sir He to the Temple to see my sonne, when saw you that unthriftie Boy Tom Stuklie

Newton. He was not here since you were last in town but the other day I saw him come by Fleet-Street with the Lord Winsor, and Lord Aburganny, an Irish Lord or two in companie, I promise you he is a gallant man:

Old Stuk. I had as live you had seen him in the Temple with, conferring with some learned Councello:
or at the moote upon a case in Law.

New.

The famous history

Newton. Sir so you may I doubt not on occasion
Old Stuk. I promise you I doubt it maister Newton,
I heare some things that please me but a little,
it is not my allowance serves the turne
to maintaine company with Noblemen.

Newton. why Sir it shoves he Bears a gallant mind
I faith he is a gallant sprightly yough,
of a fine mettle and an Active spirit,

Old Stuk. god make him bone & Sir : and give him grace

Newton. my wife expects your company at supper,

Old Stuk. Yes Sir God willing.

Newton. and if your s^o be at leisure, I pray you bring him

Old Stuk. I thank you Sir, I her his corage very much
but to licentious that is all I fear, commended

but that he doth accomodate with the Best,

in that he shoves himselfe a Gentleman,

and though perhaps he shall not know so much,

I do not much mislike that humoz in him.

A Gentleman of Bloud and quallity,

to sozt himself amongst the noblest spirits,

thelwes the true sparks of honourable worth,

and rightly shoves in this he is mine owne,

For when I was of young Tom Stuklies yeares

and of the Inns of court as he is now,

I would be conuersant still with the Best

the Brauest spirits, that were about the town,

But soft this is his chamber as I take it.

he knocks.

Enter the Page.

Page. who calles there,

gods me my maisters father, now my maister h^{as}
at the Tabling house too, what the devill makes this
old Crackle-b^{re}ch here now, howe the por
stumbled he hether, god save your worship.

Old Stuk. how now Boy : wheres your maister

Page. he is not come from dinner Sir,

Old Stuk.

of I ho. Stukely.

Old Stuk. how not from dinner : tis past dinner time in the hall an howe ago. Marke ye sirra tell me true is he in commonds, tell me not a lie now

Aside.

Page. What shall I do, I am in a pittifull case I por on him for an old scand-pouch : if he take me with a lie now, by this flesh and bloud, heele whip me most pernitiouly : if I should say he is in commonds and he proue it not so, by this light heele pepper me, saith Ile tell truth.

Old Stuk. Sirra why speake you not,

Page. I thinke he be not in commonds Sir,

Old Stuk. Where dinnes he,

Page. At Palmers ordinary,

Old Stuk. your maister is an ordinary Stutent,

Page. indeed Sir he studies very extrao:dinarily,

Old Stuk. and you the rope-ripe ordinarily,
I sent him money to prouid him Bookes

Page. See see, the deuil ought my maister a shame and now he has paid him : he had nere so much grace as to buy him a kepe to his study doze : if he haue ere a Booke there, but old hackt swordes as Foxes Bilboes, and Horne-Buckles, I am an Insidell, I cannot tell what to doe. Ile devise some scuse

Old Stuk. Sirra heare yee me, giue me the key of his

Page. Sir he euer carries it about him, (Audoy

Old Stuk. how let me see methinks the doze stands open

Page. A plague one it, he hath found it : I was not war Sir, be like he had thought he had lock it and turnd the key to short. aside

now we shall see this old cutt'r play his part
say in faith hees furnished with all kind of weapons,

Old Stuk. what be these my sons bookes I promise you I
Audoy richly furnisht. well said Tom Stukly,

Laying out all his Tooles,

The famous history

Here gallows clapper here. Be these your maisters Books :
for Littleton, Hamford and Brooke heeres
long sword, short sword, and Buckler, but alls
for the Bar : yet I had ment to haue made my
sonne a Barister not a Baratter : but I see he
meanes not to trouble the law : I pray god the law
trouble not him : Arra Walter, sake

Page. Sir.

Old Stuk. Where is this towarty youth your maister.
this Lawier this Lawier, I would faine see him, his learned
maister ship : where is he.

Page. It will not be long before he comes Sir.

Old Sukly goes againe to the study.

If he be not curst in his mothers Belly
heele keepe him out of the way : I would I were with
him too : for I shall haue a Waiting worse then a hanging

Old Stuk. If he haue so much as a candlestick I am a traitor,
but an old hilt of a Broken sword to set his light in
not a standith as I am a man, but the Bottom
of a Temple pot, with a little old sarnet in it.
heeres a fellow like to proue a Lawier, if sword and,
Buthler hold.

Enter Stuklie at the further end
of the stage.

Stuk. Boy, has Dicke Blackstone sent home my new
Buckler, rogue why sirs thou not

Page. What a gaping koe you : a pox on't, my old maister
is heere : youle hate plaith.

Stuk. How long has he bene here rogue.

Page. Th's two howers.

Stukly. Zounds he has ben taking an Inuentorie of my
household stufte : all my brauery lies about the flour

Old Stuk. O thou graceles boy, how dost thou bestow
He kneeles downe, thy time

Stuk. Your blessing good father.

of Tho. Stukely.

Old Stuk. O thou unblest Boy, thou wilt lewd buthrist

Stuk. How does my mother Sir, and all in Hamphire,

Old Stuk. The worse to heare of thy demeanure here

Stuk. I am glad to heare of their good health : god continue

Old Stuk. Thou graceles rake hell and is all my cost it.

this five years space here for thy maintenance,
spent in this sort thou lewd misordred villaine.

Stuk. Sir I am glad to see you looke so well,
I promise you it hopes me at the hart
boy bring the chaire and let my father sit,
and if old maister Prouye be withm
He call him Sir to heare you company

Old Stuk. I, I, thou canst not how thou stopst my mouth
so that thou hearest not of thy Willany,
it is no marvell though you invite so oft
for feuerall soms to furnish you with Bookes,
belaeue me Sir, your Addys richly furnisht :

Stuk. This villaine boy, nere Drestes by the chamber
I pray thee put these things out of the way.

Old Stuk. I would I could call thee out of the way
And so I should not see my shameles sonne
Be these the Bookes Sir that you looke vpon.

Stuk. Father this as right a Fore as ere you saw
And has beene as soundly tride as any blade in England

Old Stuk. I trust youle make me account Sir of my mo-
ny. Indeed Sir : he dos rascand very fast in the hills,
And is a little Crooked at the point :

Old Stuk. Tom Stukly, what a shame is this for thee,
To see so many of thy countrymen

Of whom the world did nere expect thy hopes
so forward, and so towarly to the Law,
And thou whose infancies did flatter me,
with expectation of so many goods :
To prove I very chaungling and to folow,
these ruffianly and wild disordred courses.

The famous history

Stuk. Nay hark you father I pray you be content. I haue done my goodwill, but it will not doe. John A-Nokes and John A-styles and I cannot cotten. This last french is worse then Butter'd mackerell, full of Bones, full of Bones, it sticks here it will not bolen, Aurum potabile will not get it down, my grand-father, bestowed as much of you as you haue done of me, but of my conscience you were as I am, a true man to the house, you toke nothing away with you.

Old Stuk. I had thy grandfather bene as kind to me as I haue bene to thee, thou wilt lewd withyrist I had done well.

Stuk. nay so you do, God be thanked, but hark you Father there is a narer way to the wood then all this. A narer cut, then scratching for things out of a standish all a mans life, which I haue found out, and if you will stick to me, I doubt not but you shall thinke I haue bestowed my time well And this it is. I am impossibility to marry Aldermans Cunnesses Daughter, now father if you will open the Baggs of your affection and speake but a few good words for me to the old Alderman Hee mine hope and fate.

Old Stuk. But with what colour can I speake for thee Being so lewd and prodigall a (spend thrift) A common quarreller, with thome I speake it, That I dare scarcely otone thee with my credit.

Stuk. Peace good father: no more of that, tickle to me once, if you will but tickle the olde fellow in the eare, loke you, with a certaine word called a Joputer: Ya, that same Joputer, and a proper man withall as I am, will drabe you on a wench: as a Squirrills skin, will drabe one a spanish shoe

Old Stuk. Now afozegod Tom Stukly: thy ryots are so notorious in the City:

As I am much a fiado the Alderman,

of Tho. Stukely.

Will not be brought to yeld unto the match,
Ruk. I rather this is certaine, but all thats nothing,
I haue the wenches goodwill and he must yeld
Slight of his hart: shes worth forty thousand pound
D father this is the right Philosophers
None, true multiplication I haue found it.

Old Ruk. Well Sirra, come and goe with me to supper :
whether Ie send for a friend or two of mine,
and take their Better counsels in the matter.

Ruk. I pray you let it be so : Sirra Boys
Locke the doore, and bring my sword :
Page. I will Sir.

Enter at one doore Crosse the Mercer at an-
other spring the Vineyrer.

Crosse. I nere heard such a murmur of a marriage
Yet for my life I cannot mate a man
that soundly can reposit the certainty,
spring. I cannot met a man in any place,
But still he hath this marriage in his mouth,
This day saies one, to morrow saies another
Another saies tis past, and he was there :
Another tels me that vpon his knowledge
it is not yet this three daies at the least :
I thinke the world is set a madding I.

Crosse. What maister spring the Winter
I pray god Sir your smell be as good as your taste
spring. Maister Crosse the Mercer ist enen so, you haue
somthing in the wind : I beleue you haue bin brought to
the Booke as wel as your neighbours : vpon my life he
Comes vpon the same Busines that I doe, and perhaps
he can tell me how the world goes here
well met maister Crosse.

Crosse. What maister spring whether alway :
spring. I was about to aske you as much

The famous history

Come, I know you are harkning to Alderman Curr. heard
Crosse. O you would faine haue some companie, I see
you. Go to, Tom Stukely shall haue the wench; and helter
skelter, the Aldermans bags shall paie for all.

spring Art thou a true Prophet?

Crosse. I was adreamt to night, that he paid me all in
double Pistols.

spring. I would I had mine in plaine Cesters.

Crosse. Tut, beggerly payment, hang it.

Enter sharpe the Cutlar, and Blunt the Buckler maker.

What, more of the same Couie, all birds of a feather

spring. Sharpe the Cutler of Fleetstreet methinke,

And Blunt of the Strand the Buckler maker.

Crosse. Haue at him at Blunt and Sharpe, for sworde
and buckler, we are for him.

sharp. Well met maister Spring.

spring. So are you maister Sharpe.

Crosse. What maister Blunt, shall we lie at Ward?

Putting out his hand

Blunt I pray God we may sir, to saue our selues by
this marriage.

spring. Stay here comes Tom.

Stukely, and Iacke Harbart.

Enter Stukely and Harbart in their hose and doublets.

Crosse. Whats the matter.

Stuk. To speake it publike, in such a presence,
he hath vndone his daughter by the marriage,
you are a most disgracefull Idiot:

The greatest insurie ere crost my spirit
could not haue draue so base a wrong from me.

Harbart. I spake it but in myrth, but since your saufs
Is so soon lighted, let it quench againe:
Are you so fetcche Stukely, with apox.

Stuk. You are a flane thus to abuse me Harbert,

Harb you are a bain soles Stukely so to cal me,

Stuk. Inforce me not I prethe at this time.

Har. Inforce you, ybloud, you wi not be inforced

of Tho. Stukely.

Stuke. Harbart your bloods too hot
harb. You haue brought me into the ayre to coole it then.
Stuke. Thou hast almost tempted me beyond my strength
Harb. if I wisht that I would be your euell spirit.

Cro. heres sword and buckler by me call for clubs.
spring. so we may beate out the blains of our businesse,
Sharp. we come in an ill time.

Blunt. So I feare.

Crosse. how now Sharp, is your edge taken off.
sharp. I am blunted with my neighbour in faith.

Stuk. Thou camst on purpose Harbert to disgrace me.

Harb. Sirra your mothers son lies in his throat.

Stuk. I pray thee stand not thus.

Harb. To vnderprop your choller least it fall.

Stuk. Thou hast found a time to triumph one my courag
When I am gyued: durst thou else haue saide thus much.

Harb. When wilt ye be vnfettered.

Stuk. Where ere I meet you next, Ile haue you by the ears

Harb. Stukely you shall not ile keepe you from my ears
by the length of my rapier.

Stuk. saie no more.

Enter Curteis, Mother Bride, and the rest.

Bride. Where is my husband, where is maister Stuklie,
alasse my hart: vpon my wedding to fall out thus.

Moth. For gods lone: good sonne Stuklie and sp. Harbart
pacifie your selfe.

Curtsie. He, Tom he, he, Wones a Dod man, what coile

Stuk. What meane you sir: why rise you from the table

We rise for nothing but to talke a little,

aside, Harbart looke to it, by this Blessed day ile be with

Harb. I would the day were come,
but you take day still with your creditors.

spring. I do not like that,

Crosse. What doest thou meane.

spring. That he shuld take longer day with his creditors.

Mother.

The famous history

Mother. For gods loue good sonne Stukely be content.

Cur. gods blest Captaine Harbert, Wones of Dod man
be content.

Harb. we are good friends with all my hart,
the Dyrning roome Sir growing somewhat hot,
we stept out hether but to take the ayre,

Stuke. Bride. I pray thee good sweet hart be not so angry,
and Captaine Harbart let me tell you this,
knowing the disposition of your friend,
you might haue spard the speeches that you vsed.

Harb. If they haue any way displeased you,
I am verie sorie.

But let him take them how he will I care not,

Stuk. Harbart, Ile make you eate your words.

Curt. Gods me blest, lets to dinner again, als, well als
well, Come, come, come.

Mother. Come Master Harb. you shall be my prisoner:
Daughter take you your husband by the hand, and let vs in
to Dinner. Exit.

Crosse. Heres a wedding indeed. I perceiue by this,
that we come in ill season for our monie.

spring. I would I had my debt before Harbart & he meet
Sharp. Why so master spring?

spring. Because, If they two mate, I feare
One of them payes for it, they are two tall
Gentlemen, as England yeldes.

Blunt. Well, lets awaie for this, and come to morrowe
the soner.

Crosse. Content.

Enter Vernon with Hamdon and Ridley,
two of his Friends.

Ham. If not at our requests, yet gentle friend,
For your owne safete, change your former mind:
Haue you not wealth, While should you leaue the Land
aid. Are you not here of credit in the Citie,

Why

of Tho. Stukely.

Why should you then betray your forward hopes
Upon a wilful and uncertaine humoꝝ ?

Ver. I know that my estate is sound and good,
as on the one side strengthened with rich friends,
and one the other well established
by the assistance of a private stock :
yet what is this ? O all externall pompe
that otherwise is incident to men,
If the mind want that comfort it should haue :
believe me Gentlemen it is as musick,
to men in prison, or as Dainty meate
brought to a sick man, whose afflicting paine
hath neither left him appetite nor tast.

Ham. How springs this discontent : wherein lies
this gall of Conscience that disturbs you so ?

Rid. We are your friends sholve vs your inward griefe,
And we will either finde a remedy,
Or sharing every one a part of it.
So lessen it, and it shall lose his force.

Ham. In it for sorrow you forsake your Bride,
and gaine your interest to another man.

Rid. You hit the naile upon the head : tis that
and nothing else that breeds this discontent.

Ver. Be not deceiv'd, I did it by aduise,
For do I any way repent me of it :
She lou'd not me, albeit I honoꝝd her :
and such a match what were it but to ioyne
fire and water : Marriage is no toy,
to be desired where there is Dislike,
and therefore weighing his deserts with mine,
her loue to him, and his to her againe,
I rather chose to benefite my Friend,
whereby two might be pleas'd : than gréville
assuming what I might, displease all three.

(loue ?

Ham. What then hath weand you from your countreys

Vernon

The famous history

Ver. For that, nor any thing, I know not what:
yet whilst I breathe this native ayre of mine,
Methinks I sucke in poison to my hart:
and whilst I tread vpon this English earth,
It is as if I set my carelesse feet
vpon a banke, where vnderneath is hid
a bed of crawling Serpents: any place
but only here (methinks) would make me happy,
Say there the meanest Cottage in the world:
But here I am accurst, and here I liue
as one deprived both of soule and sence.
Which strange conceit from whence it should proceed,
I cannot utter, other than from this,
That I am fired with a desire to travell,
and see the fashions, state, and qualities
of other Countreies: Therefore if you loue me
offer no farther to resist in me
The settled resolution of my mind.

Rid. Yet since you needs will leaue vs and the Realme,
go not to Ireland: The countreies rude
and full of tumult and rebellious strife,
Rather make choise of Italy or France.

Ver. My word is past vnto a Gentleman,
with whom I will not bzeake: and here he comes.

Enter Harbart and another Captaine.

Har. Sir as I told you, even at dinner time,
His fury was so great, as he must needs
Rise from the table to confer with me,
About my speeches which I did maintaine,
And sure if place had serued we there had fought,

Cap. I would I could deuise to make you friends,
The rather for I heare he is appointed
to haue a charg in this our Irish expedition.

Ham. It is no matter: Harbart fears him not,

of Tho. Stukely.

I make as little reckoning of my bloud
as he of his : and will at any time,

D. When he dares meet him upon that quarrell.

Ver. Captaine well met.

Harb. Maister Vernon we stay for you,
Our horses halfe an houer agoe were ready,
And we had backt them but we lackt your companie.

Ver. Some conference with these gentlemen my friends
Hade me neglect nlike hours : but when you please,
I now am ready to attend on you.

Harb. It is well done, we will away forthwith,
Saint albans though the day were further spent
We may well reach to bed to night.

ver. Kinde friends I now must bid ye both farewell.

Ham. Haie we wil see you Mounted ere we part. (Exeunt.

Enter Curtes and his Cashier.

Cur. Sirha, what men are those that stay without?

Cash. Some that would speake with **M.** Stukely Sir.

Cur. Knowst what their busines is, or whence they come

Cash. Tradesmen they are, and of the City sir,
But what their busines is I cannot tell.

Cur. Upon my life some Creditors of his,
That hearing of his matching with my Daughter
come to demand some mony which he owes them.

It is even so, They know he hath receiue
his marriage money : they perceiue he is flush,
and meane to share with him, ere all be gone.

He see the sequale : Here he comes himselfe,
and with him (O the body of me)

Walse the Tradesmen in the towne (I thinke)

Enter Stukely with bagges of money. After him thronging
Arthur Crosse the Mercer, Iohn sparing the Vint. William
sharp, Tho, Thump, Geo, haz, tennis keeper, Henry Cracke

The famous history

The Fencer, and Ieffery Blurt, Baliffe of Finsbury : with
written notes in their hands.

Stuk. How ye stanes: a man can no sooner step
into a little wealth, but presently
youle haue the sent of him, youle visit him,
heres bulles enough: had I now as many
shot and pikes, I would with a valiant hand
of mine owne subjects march among the Irish,
but let me see: deliver your petition

Crosse deliuer his bill.

Ile proue an honest man athe chauncerie

Cur. Little law I feare and lesser Conscience.

Stukly The grosse sum of your debt Sir.

Crosse. two hundred pound.

Stuk. For what?

Crosse. For silks and beluets Sir.

Stuk. Your name.

Crool. Arthur Crosse the Mercer.

Stuk. Well maister Crosse, the first sillabell of your name
might haue spard ye this labour: but all is one: there
your money.

Cur. A two hundred pounds: so theirs an end of that,
I will be sworne I got it not so sone.

Stuk. Your title to my purse.

Spa. Thurtie pounds Sir.

Stuk. For what?

Spa. For Tauerne suppers, and for quarts of wine

Stuk. Oh at the Grayhound in Fleetstreet.

Spa. I Sir the same.

Stuk. Your name is Sparing.

Spa. John Sparing Sir, the bintener.

Cur. you spard not him when you did scoze so much:

Stuk. There maister Sparing, would I were your scoller
That I might learne to spare as well as you, Exit Spa.

Cur.

of Tho. Stukely.

Cur. That will néere be vntill it be too late.

Stuk. Now Sir to you.

sharp. Your seruant Sir : William Sharp for Bilboes,
Fores and Colledo blades.

Stuk. What.

sharp. Forty markes:

Stuk. you cut somewhat deepe maister Sharp, but thers a
preseruitiue for a green wound.

Cur. Beschoiue me but li wounds me : what preseruitiue
haue I for that.

Stuk. Of whence are you,

Thu. Tho Thumpe Sir, the Buckler maker of S. Giles

Stuk. The sum there vnto belonging.

Thu. F. fteene pound Sir for broad end Bucklers
beside Steele pikes.

Cur. Woby of me, halfe the monie would arme fure tall
fellovs for the wars.

Stuk. Thumpe I will not answere you with the like vio-
lence for if I should, the broadest buckler that ere you made
would not defend you from being bankerout.

Thu. I thanke your worship. Exit Thumpe.

Stuk. Are you sick of the pellovs too ?

Haz. Not so sick Sir but I hope to haue a childes
part by your last will & testament

Cur. Thers a knaue, he thinks after they are paid :
he meanes to go and hang himselfe : whats his legacie

Stuk. For tennis Balles when the Frenchimbassitoz was
here thirtene pound : is it so much.

Haz. Just so much with the solwing of fair Linnen when
you were hot.

Cur. Faire Linnen : hoy daie : your faire Linnen wippos
him of a good deale of monie.

Stuk. Georg Hazzard I take it thats your name.

Haz. my name is so Sir.

Stuk. George : you haue hit the hazzard, giues him mony

The famous history

Cur. It was a hazard whether he would haue hit or no,
But for my money.

Stuk. What else.

Crack. I hope Sir: your worship hath not forgot Harry
Crack the Fencer, for foights, and bennies giuen vpon a
wager at the ninth button of your doublet, thirty Crowns.

Cur. Cracke his crowne and that makes one and thirtie.

Stuk. Well Crack I haue n o wy to defend your thrust,
but by this downe right blow. (Giues him money.)

Crack. I take it double Sir, and please you

Stuk. Let it suffice your ballant and my choller past.

More clients yet: your name?

Blu. Geoffrey Blurt Sir. Balise of Finsburie
For frates and blondshed in the theater fields, Five marks.

Cur. Woddy of me nere a Surgeian in this town would
haue askt more.

Stuk. Blurt I haue no reason to pay thee whole.

Blu. Why so and please you.

Stuk. Jack Dudley and I were haues in that action take
part of him.

Blur. Alasse Sir, hies in Finsbury Gaile for hurting a
man behind the windmilles last Saturday.

Stuk. Why then belike you haue good payson for your money

Blu. I would we had Sir.

Stuk. Well I see your Dogged natures: a good sword and
buckler man is of no reckoning amongst ye: but let the
Sheriffe thinke, when he hath lost Jack Dudly,
he loseth twenty marke a yere as good for single
as ere a barron in England holds. Thers your amercia-
ments. And giue Jack Dudley this from me to pay his
Fees.

Exit Blurt.

Blu. I thank ye Sir.

Cur. I would he had broke his pate ere he went in earnest,
of a new reckoning: ah son, son, thou hast deceiued
my opinion, my daughter cast away, and I haue
bequeathd my money to a prodigall.

of Tho. Stukely.

Stuk. Father why so, shall I not pay my debts?

Stuk. Not with my money son, not with my money.

Stuk. It is mine owne, and Stuklie of his owne,
will be as Franke as shall the Emperoz.

I scozne this trash, betrape; of mens souls:

Ile spurne it with my foot: and with my hand,

Waine thewers of plenty one this Warren land,

were it my fortune could exceed the clouds,

yet would I heare a mind surmounting that.

father you haue enough for your, and for your Noze

When mine is gone you must provide me more.

Exit.

Cur. Is it euen so. The capitaines words are true:
he is a spend thrift but ile keepe him short
he gets not a denier more then he hath.

Enter Lady Curteis and Old Stuklie.

Lady. Husband you are sent for in all the hall
to the yeld hall, about the Souldiers
that are to be dispatcht for Ireland.

Cur. I may be sent for wife whether I will,
and tis no matter greatly where I goe,

Lady. Why so I pray.

Cur. Would you ere haue thought
that tauerne, Fencers, Baliffes, and suco like,
shoule by the fruites of my late sitting vp,
and early rising, haue maintained their state,

Old Stuk. What meane ye brother Curteis.

Cur. Ah brother Stuklie,
My meaning had you bene but here euen now,
you might haue scand without my bitterance,
here was Item, vpon Item, such a crue
as I nere saw one man indebted to.

Enter Stukely, Lieft, Enf, Drum, and soldiors.

Lieft. Here stay we soldiors till the houre be come
our capitaine did appoint to meet with vs:

The valiant Stukely: we shal haue a guide,

Theres not a better in the Regiment.

He

The famous history

It is not one will say vnto his men
Giue you assault vpon, the enimie
follow me: and so himselfe will be
The foremost man that shall begin the fight.
For will he nicelie creepe into the towne,
when we are lodgd with in the dampish field,
but voluntarilie pertake your toyle,
and of his priuate purse releue your wants,

Ens. Lieutenant hors a golant Gentleman.
We know it well, and he that is not willing
to venture life with him, I would for my part
he might end his daies wiser then the pestilence.

Lies. Nay if you looke but on his mind,
much more occasion shall ye find to loue him
Vers liberall, and goes not to the wars
to make a gaine of his poore Souldiours spoile,
but spoile the foe to make his Souldiours gaine,
and here he comes stand all in good array.

Enter Stukly and his Wife.

Stuk. I prethee wife Importune me no more,
might tears perswade or words preuaile with me,
thy tears and words ere this had won mee state:
but tis not thou nor anie power but his
that has that power to take awaie my life,
that can abrogate my purpose I will goe.

Wife. Shall then my loves haue an end ere they begin
and shall the terme of these daies being Wife,
for euer after cause a widowhood,
We scarce are ioynd together and must part,
we scarce are warme with in our nuptiall bed,
and you forsake me there to freeze alone:
Oh doe not so and if you euer loved,
or if you neuer loved, yet in regard
of my affection, leane me not so soone

Stuk.

of Tho. Stukely.

Stuk. Good Lord that thou wilt still importune me,
Hane I not said I undertake this taske,
Only to make thee great.

Wife. But I desire to be no more then what I am already
So by your absence I be made no lesse.

Stuk. But that contents not me, it is not chambering
Now I haue beauty to be dallying with,
Nor pampering of my selfe with belly cheare,
Now I haue got a little worldly pelfe,
that is the end of leuels of my thought :

I must haue honour, honour is the thing
Stukely doth thirst for, and to climbe the Mount
Where she is seated gold shall be my footstole,

Wife. But there are many dangers by the way,
and hastie climbers quickly catch a fall.

Stuk. he sonest loseth that despaires to winn,
but I haue no such preiudiciall feare,
If there be any shall outline the brunt
of raging war, or purchase dignitie,
I am perswaded to be one of those.
If all miscarrie: yet it will not grieue,
or grieue the lesse to die with company.

Wife. That name of death already martirs me,

Stuk. But neuer feare: and if I chaunce to die
Thou being a lylie widow: thou shalt enriue
will gladlie sue to be receiued of thee,
the world is I confesse, I leaue thee poore,
as taking with me all the Jewels thou hast,
And all the coine was giuen me for thy dowry:
But I do leaue thee with a wealthy father,
And one that will not see thee want I know,
Beside thou hast a ioynture of such Lands,
as I am born vnto: and therefore feare,
And let me seale thy lips by with this kisse.

Wife. Stay but a day or two and then depart.

D

Stuk.

The famous history

Stuk. are not my souldiers ready: what a shame
were it to send them forward and my selfe
come lagging after like one that fears,
or went unwillingly unto wars,
as thou respects me talk no more to me.

Wife. Am I so obvious that I may not speak,
till I have listened when you talke ere now,
Or words had borne the harvest of your hope,
But since to silence I am so iniointed,
I would my life might likewise have an end

Stuk. March hence away, or still there will be cast,
Some let or other to detract our hall.

As they are Marching, Enter currels and Old
Stukly.

cur. Bones a Dod man, laie downe thy taboz sticks,
And heare me speake, or with my Duogen dagger
Ile plaie a fit of mirth upon thy pate.
Why here me Com, here me son Stukly, ha:
What here to dale, and gone to morrow. So
Thy wife laments, canst thou behold her weape,

Stuk. Sound drums I say: I will not heare a word.

Old Stuk. What thou not hear thy father Graceles Boie.

Stuk. Father, vntlesse you meane I shall be thought
a traitor to her Maiessty: a coward,
a slepy dozmouse, and a catpet squire

For nymy so toward summer with sharpe breath,
For intercept my purpose being good.

Old Stuk. I come not vntillfull Boy as a reprobet
Of any vertuous action thou intenos,
But to reprove thy lacke of husbandry,
And the vnchristy courses thou hast vsed,
Learne to be sober, and not rashly thus,
To rush into affaires of such great moment.

Stuk. Father, I know not what you teeme rashnes,
But

of Tho. Stukely.

But any time Once I was of the Skill
O: Orenth to wield a sword, I vowed in hart
To be a soldier, and the time now serves,
And now my vow shall be accomplished,
For any thing betwixt my wife and me:
We are agreed: how ever sower chere
Doe at our parting show the contrary:
If you as well as she can be perswaded,
Why so, if not sound downes I will not heare no more.
Cur. Nay Tom, son Tom, thou art deceivd in me
I am not gesued that thou shouldst serve thy prince,
For doe I take exceptions at thy mind,
So long as honor is thy object Tom,
But that without our knowledge thou departs,
And one the sudden: body of me, tis that
That strikes a discontentment in vs all.

Stuk. I cannot helpe it Sir, with all my hart,
And in all reverend outy of a Son,
I take my farwell: fathers of you both
Thus much intreating if I nere returne,
Ye would haue both a care vnto my wife. Exit

Old Stuk. Well Brother Curtsie hope the best of him
He may returne a comfort to vs all,
And were a not my son I would commend
His resolution, tis heropeall.

Cur. Thers no remedy now but patience,
But were the Bargaine to be begin againe,
I would be twise advised ere I be bestow
My daughter so: ymis, so large a sum,
Is more then I had thought should fly with wings,
Of vaine expences into Ireland.
But all is one, come daughter neuer mourne,
I will not see thee want whilst I do live.

Old Stuk. I hope she hath the like conceit of me,
Then comfort gile feare no extremity, Exeunt.

The famous history

Enter Oneale O Hamlon and Neale Mackener.

Oneale. O Hamlon.

Hamlon. O w.

One. Treade softly on the stones,
The water tells vs we are nere the towne,
Neale Mackener come on, see all our eyes
vpon the walles of this bewitched towne,
that harbours such a sort of English churles,
to see if any signall be set out.

Where we shall enter to surpris Dundalkie.

Mackener. Oneale speake softly we are nere the walles,
the English Sentinells do keepe good watch,
if they descry vs all our labours lost.

Ham. Our labour lost, for we can see no signe
of any white that hangeth ouer the wall,
Where we shall enter by our spies with in.

Oneale. A plague vpon the drolye drunken slaues,
Bryan Mac Phelim, and that Neale O Quyme,
Who being Drunk o: sleeping with his Drabs,
Forget the busines that they haue in hand.

Mack. O Neale be patient & suspect the worst,
they maye vnto the English be betraid,
o: else perceiuing strong watch every where,
Dare not approach the walles o: gates for feare.

Ham. Oneale, thy secretary saies very true,
the English knowing all the power so nere,
will be more watchfull then their custome is,
So both our spies and frends dare not assay,
To hang out signall nor come nere the Port.

Neale. Why so it is, I know within Dundalkie.
I haue ten frends to one the English haue,
I meane of towne men: but sure pollicie
Cannot by might attaine our entrance in.
that we might cut of all the English heads,
Of thers that watch and thers that sleepe in beds.

let

of Tho. Stukely.

let us withdraw unto our troupes againe,
to morrow comes O Kane with Gallinglasse,
and teage magennies, with his lightfoot kerne,
then will we not come miching thus by night,
But charge the towne and winne it by day light,
O Hanlon, captaine Harbar shall be thine,
and Gainsfords ranome shall be Mackeners.

Han. Thanks great Oneale.

Mack. We whilst I hear one sicke On Coughs within.

Oneale. Some English Soldior that hath got the cough,
He ease that grieve by cutting off his head.

Mack. These English churles die if they lacke there bread,
and bread and beere porrage and powdered beefe.

Han. O Parasaftot Hamrocks, are no meat,
Nor Bonny clabbo, nor greene Water-cresses,
Nor our strong butter, nor our stweild otmeale,
and drinking water brings them to the fire.

Oneale. It is there nicenesilly pulling soles,

Mack. There be of them can fare as hard as we,
and harder too, but drunkards and such like,
as spend there time in ale house sursetting,
And whothell houses quickly catch their Bane,

Oneale. One coughes againe, lets slip aside vnsaine,
to morrow we will ease them of their spleen.

Enter Shane Oneale O Hanlon, Neale Mackener softly as
by night.

Oneale. O Hanlon.

Hanlon. Dwe.

Oneale. Fate is the token: fate siegne that Brian Mack
Phelem said he would hang wt:

Han. I feare I know not ask the Shereetary.

On, Neale Mackener.

Mack. Well, Oneale well, please too art at the water side.

On. Fate is the token bodeaugh breene: That I shall see
obare

The famous history

Share the balles oft is Tene of Dundalke.

Mack, I feat Oneale tho art Saint Patrick his cushin and a great Lord, but thou art not wæze. The siegne is a pæce Of fæte trouzes, or a fæte hurt, or some fæte blankæo, To be hang wte ober the balles, san we sall be let in At the lëttle Borygh doze by the abbay.

Oneale, Csta clæmper, tho talkest to much the English Upon the ball will heare the, lake, seagh bodeaugh Dost thou se any thing fæte.

Mack, So by this hand, shan Oneal, we se no feat thing One coughs within.

nan. Cressh blessh bs, so ish tat ish coughes.

Mack. Saint Patrick blessh bs we be not betraid.

Oneale. Mackener, Mack Deawle, marafastot art thou a fæte liuerd kana: With some English churle in the tæne That coughes, that is dræ, some pæce English souldio: has a dræ cough, can ozinke no wæter. The English churle dræ If he get not bread and porrage and a hose to læ in: but loke is the siegne, wte, seæle cut his troate and Help him of his cough san I get into Dundalk.

Mack. Bæ thys hand Oneale der is no siegne, se am afaid Brian Mack Phelemy is wyd his stræpo, and forgeats To hang a siegne or let bs in.

Oneale. No matter come, no noyse tis almost day, softly let bs crepe abwt by the balles seæd ane a twan sone at night Cuen at shyttene of the gates san Ocane and Magennis Come from Carlingford, we will Enter lustly the town Mackener O Hanlon, seæ will giue you træ captaines to ransome.

(he turd my self

Han. Ze wil takè træ pæssioners and giue ther to and take

One. Speake softly O Hanlon and golu make, ready wre herne and Gallinglaste against night, and bid my bagpiper be ready to pæce Ballrotherie son, for I will sleepe in Dundalke at night. come go back into the Fettes again.

Han, Shæue haggat Bryan Mac Phelemy.

Mac.

of Tho. Stukely.

Mack. Slaue lets Korie beg.

Exit.

Enter Harbart at one dore with soldiers, and
Vernon at another.

Harb. God morrow mayster Vernon.

Ver. God morrow Captaine Harbart.

Harb. Is it your vse to be so earlie vp
such bigdance doth fit vs soldiers best,
and search our garrisons for feare of spies,

Ver. And travellers that vse to walke the rounde,
of euerie Countrey to suruey the world,
must not be frend with sleepe and idlenesse.

But in plaine termes I do prevent mine house,
by reason of a gentle mans report

that is a soldier and did walke the round,

Who comming in this morning to his rest,
saide the enimie was about the towne to night.

Lieu. So saide this soldier that stode Sentyuell,
now this last watch at Dawning of the day,

that he did heare hard by the water stoe,

nere the North gate that opens toward the Fewe,

some trampling on the grauell by and downe :

he did but Cough and thought to call to them,

And they were gon : soldier was it so.

Soul. Yes gouernour I knowe twas Shane Oneale,
they were so whilst whilst they were nere the walls,
pray god the haue no spies within the towne.

Harb. Thou pray I too late, the townsmen are spies,
and help and stozt them with prouision,
and loue them better then vs Englishmen.

Ver. It behoues you therefore to be circumspect

Lieu. Feare not you that, He serch the towne my selfe,
and place a double gard at euere gate.

How stands the wind ?

Ver. From England very fayre.

Harb.

The famous history

Harb. *What looke for fresh supplies to come from thence
to strength our garrison for yt is but weake,
and we must beare the brunt of all the North.*

Ver. *your men are healthfull.*

Harb. *theres no soldier sick,
But he that drinckes or spende his thrift at dice
Sound a Drume a fare of,
what drume is this?*

Ver. *A Drume withont the towne.*

Harb. *Some band of men from England new arriv'd,
or els some Company of the English Pale,
bid Captaine Gainsford guard the Southern Port:
Toward Tredaghe, and take that Companie in,
He see our troups in rebines this day,
for I expect the Irish sounne at night,*

Ver. *What will you do.*

*He to the southerne Port,
to see what Captaine leads this band of men* Exiunt

Harb. *I make ye lieutenant Governoz for the time.*

*Enter Stukely, his Lifetenant Auncient Drume
Souldiers and Company.*

Stuk. *I misse what Lord is governoz of this towne,
That comes not forth to welcome Stukely in.*

Lieu. *The towne so long he cannot here our Drume,
And if he did he knowes not whose it is:*

Stuk. *Drum, thumpe thy tapshinnes hard about the pate
Drumme sounds Enter Vernon Gainsford and Soldiers.
and make the Ham-heads here that are within;
Zounds who is that Vernon with a partysme,
Is he a Souldia: then the Enemies dead.*

Ver. *Is Stukely come: Whom I desire to hunt:
and must he needs to Ireland follow me?*

*I will not draw that ayre wherein he breaths,
our kingdom shall not hold vs if I can.*

Gains.

of Tho. Stukely.

Gains. Is not this lusty Stukely with his men?

Ver. Yes cap'taine Gainsford this is lusty Tom.

Stuk. These gallants are grosse ceremonies,
They stand at gaze as if they knew me not,
Doe they straine a further compliment,
to see if I will haile my bonnet first,
He eat my feather ere I moue my hat,
Woe I see their crownes vncovered.

Lieft. Cherish that humor it becomes your post.

Ver. He doth expect we should salute him first:

Gains. 'Tis fit we should for he's but new arriv'd.

Ver. Your welcome into Ireland cap'taine Stukely.

Stuk. Thankes maister Vernon and well met,
I did not dreame that you professed armes,

Ver. It is not my profession but my pleasure

The Governour being busie in the towne,

Makes me Lieutenant Governour for the time,

Gains. Welcome cap'taine Stukely welcom to Dumballie.

Stuk. Thanks cap'taine Gainsford euen withall my hart.

Stukelyes Lieft. deliuers a Letter to vernon.

Ver. To me Lieutenant: from whom I pray ye.

Lieft. From an old friend.

Ver. He saith what friend it is.

Stuk. What Enemy lies there nere about this towne?

Gains. The Rebells Shane O'neale and all his power.

Stuk. Why doe ye not beat them home into their dens?

Gains. We haue enough a do to keepe the towne.

Stuk. To keepe the towne: dare they beleague it?

Gains. I and assaulte it.

Stuk. Hang them savage slaves,

Be like they know you dare not issue out,

Who is Governour here?

Gains. That's Cap'taine Harbart Sir.

Stuk. Soeath I am hee vntoed, myne enemy Governour,
well tis no matter, ye arent without him, aside alone.

The famous history

So sone as ere I see him by this light
His maruell bale indure their pꝛowde approach,
Harbert is balliant: but the flaves are pꝛoud,
And haue no boote to fetch woꝛth folloing them.

Gains. Yes captaine Stukly they haue gallant hoꝛse,
The best in Ireland are of Ulsters bred,
They haue a pray of Garrans colwes and shepe,
Well woꝛth a brace of thousand pounds at least,

Stuk. Hang colws and shep, but haue among theyꝛ hoꝛse,
He lose this head but he haue hobbies from them.
What newes from England that ye read so long To Vernon.

Ver. The largest newes concernes your selfe.

Stuk. Wherein.

Ver. Will Mallerye wriths, ye do not loue your wife,
You are unkind, you make not much of her.

Stuk. Why so he I haue not made much of my wife,
He tell ye captaine how much I haue made, (To Gainsford.
I haue made away her pꝛortion and her plate,
Her boꝛders, bracelets, chaines and all her rings,
And all the clothes belonging to her back,
Haue one poꝛe gowne, and he that can make moꝛe,
Of one poꝛe wife let him take her for me,

Ver. Well had I known you would haue made so much,
you should not haue bene troubled with my loue.

Stuk. come, strike thy drum, lets march into the towne,
Ver. Well go thy wales a kingdom is so smal, (Exeunt
For his expence that hath ny meane at all, all but Vernon
Doubtles if ever man was misbegot,
It is this Stukly: of a boundles mind,
Undaunted spirit, and vncoutrouled spleene,
Lawish as is the liquide Oceane,
That drops his crownes euen as the clouds drop Raine,
Yet once I loud him better then my selfe,
When like my selfe too prodigall in loue,
I gaue my loue so such a Prodigall,

of Tho. Stukely.

For which I hate the dymate where he liues,
as if his breath infected all the aire,
And therefore Ireland now farewell to thee,
For though thy soile no venime will sustaine,
There treads a monster on thy fruitfull breast,
If any shipping bee for Spaine or Fraunce,
A bord will I and seeke some further chaunce.

Enter Herbert in a shirt of male and Booted,
and his Page with him.

Herb. Boy, bid the Seriant Pass the gates,
And see them guarded with a double ward,
That done, bid him commaund the companies,
To man the walles : then bid the messenger
Hast with these letters to the Deputy.

Exit Page

Enter Stukely.

Come captaine Stukely whers your company,
Draw then with speede into the water Port.

Stuk. Is there for every one a Tankerd there?

Herb. How do you meane a Tankerd?

Stuk. Sir in brieft,

I made a vow you know it well inough,
For your kind speeches to my wiues old Dad,
Sir Thomas Curteis : that wheresoeuer we met
I would fight with you, therefore your toles, (he Drawes.

Her. What were my speeches?

Stuk. That the old knight had cast awaie his Daughter
when ye perceiued she was bestowd on me.

Har. I spake those wordes, and thou hast proued them true

Stuk. and for those wordes Herbert ile fight with you

Har. Hast haze braund Stukely, knott thou what thou dost
to quarrell in a towne of Garrison,
and Draw thy weapon on the Governo?

Stuk. Zounds haue ye logick to defend your skin,
Lay by your tricks and take you to your toles,
think ye your Governo's tittle 's rapier profe,

Exit.

Harb,

The famous history

Harb. Come, come, vntrusse put off those coward thits
Stukley thou knowst I am a soldior,
And hate the name of carpet coward to death,
I tell thee but the discipline of war.

Stuk. Gods, you may hang vs then by the law,
By law of manhood here I challeng thee,
Lay by thy terms and answer like a man.

Harb. Thou seest the publique enemy is at hand,
And we shall fight about a private hall.

Stuk. No: shall that shift Tom Harbart serue thy turne.

Harb. Then giue me leave but to disarm my selfe,
Thou knowst I couer haue ods of any man.

Stuk. Disarme of what: of shole boies haberdines
Such as they cast at points in euer streete:
So arme thy legs, put splinters in thy bootes,
cask on thy head, and gantles on thy hands,
Would thou wert armed in pistoll proofe compleat,
And nothing bare but euen thy berie lips,
I hold my head ile hurt thee in thy mouth,
Laid by thy scar-crow name of Gouvernor,
And arme thee els vnto a fingers breadth.

Harb. Brauing braggart since thou dost seeke thy death
Looke to thy selfe ile spare thee if I can. They fight.

Stuk. Sir your teeth blades this picktooth is to haue,

Drum soundeth and a Bagpipe.

Har. Hark the enemies charges we must to the wallen,
another time ile pick your teeth as well

Stuk. When you can, I said I would bit your mouth.

Exeunt Ambo: Alarum is sounded, diners excursions,
Stukly persues, strano Oneale, and Neale Mackener,
And alter a good pretty fight his Lieftenant and
Auntient rescue Stuklie, and chace the Irish out.
Then an excursion berwixt herbert and O Hanlon, and
so a retreat sounded, Enter warbart, Gainsford, and
some souldiers on the wallen.

her.

of Tho. Stukely.

har. Are all the gates and Doornes closd againe.

Gai. I every one, and strong gards at them all.

har. Who would haue thought these naked sauages,
These Northern Irish durst haue bene so bold,
To haue giuen assault vnto a warlike towne?

Gains. Our suffrance and remissenes giues them hart,
We make them proud by meeting by our selues,
In walled towne, whilst they triumph abroad
and Rebel in the countrey as they please.

harb. Well Seruant Maior we will star abroad,
This sodaine fall was perfozmd as men,
It cut three hundred rebels throats at least,
And did discomfite and disperse them all.

Gains. Had we persude we had tane a lusty pray.

harb. Yes tis night, and time we should retire,
To guard the towne, but hark what drum is this:
Are any of our company without?

Gains. Tis lustie Stukely if any be abroad,
He is so eager to persue the foe,
And leaues his souldiers that are new arriue,
that he forgot or heard not the retreat,
At which gate shall he enter Gouvernor?

harb. We shall not enter, give me all the keyes,
Ile teach him dutie and true discipline

Enter Stukely Lieftenant: Auncient Drum and soldiers, &
noies within of druing beasts.

Stuk. Are the gates shut already? open holo.

harb. Who knocks so boldly?

Stuk. Ha? who's that aboue?

har. Herbert the Gouvernor, who is that below?

Stuk. Stukely the captaine, knocks to be let in.

harb. Stukely the captaine comes not in to night.

Stuk. How? not to night? I am sure ye do but iest.

harb. I do not vse to iest in these affaires.

Stuk. We do not iest and I must stay without.

The famous history

I trust youll let my companie come in in,
For company, no? Captaine comes in here,
vntill the morning that the gates be ope,

Stuk. We humble thank ye honorable Sir?
What if the Irish should make head, againe,
and set vpon vs woulde ye rescue vs,

Harb. So why retire ye not at the retreat,
As did my selfe and all the other troupes,

Stuk. Because I ment not to come empty home,
But bring some booty to enrich my men,
Besides in prosecution we have slaine
Two hundred Irish since yo left the chace,
And brought a prey of hundred colwes at least
Forty chiefe horse, a hundred hackneys Jades
and yet the Gouernor will not let vs in.

Harb. So sir I will not and will answer it.
If all your throats be cut you are well serud,
To teach ye knowe the discipline of warre.
There is a time to fight a time to cease,
a time to watch, a time to take your rest,
a time to open and to shut the Ports,
and at this time Stukley the gates are shut,
and till a full time shall not be opte.

Stuk. Solomon saies with words mild.
Spare the rod and spill the child,
Wholsome instruction, godly discipline:
This is a simple piece of small reuenge.
But this I vow who shut mee out of by night,
shall neuer see me enter heere by daie.
Will ye sir let the pray taken in,
For feare the Irish rescue yt againe.

Gains, twer pittie Sir to lose so good a pray,
And greater pittie but to lose one man.

Harb. You may let in the pray. But keepe them out,

Stuk. Nay Seriant Payor: O whtse liuerd lout,

boff

of Tho. Stukely.

Doest thou respect a bullock or a Jade,
More than a man to Gods owne liknes mad?
Harbart, Thou getst not one cow to thy share,
Nor a swes taile, vnles as Cacus, did,
I by the taile could draw one from the heard,
And cast her at thy head the hoznes and all.

Herb. So make youz Cabane vnderneath the wall,
And so god night.

Stuk. Farewell go pick your teeth, Exeunt Herb and Gains
How glad am I my trunks are yet aboord,
Lisutenant, Antieut, Fellow soldiers all,

I would we might not part but needes we must,
Tom Stukely Can not bryoke the least disgrace.

To night Ie hyde such venture as you shall
Lets man the bridge, the water flowes apace,
If the enimie come he dare not passe the fould
So on this side we with our praye are safe.

How many Cowes shall fall vnto my share.
Lief. all if ye please, your haloz compassed all.

Stuk. shall all the cowes be mine, Ie not haue one.
Thirtie chiese horse if you will let me haue,

two shippe from hence to seke a better coast. His Purse.

Share that amongst ye, theres a hundred pound,
and two moneths pay thats due vnto my selfe.

I glue you franklie, drink it for my sake.

Lief. But Captaine will you leaur this land indebt

Stuk. Before the son the morning doth salate

Ie see my hobbies safely sent aboord,

Then follow I that scozne to be con trould,

Of any man thats meener then a king,

farewell Oneale, if Stukely here had staid,

thy head for treason, soone thou shouldst haue paid.

Enter Oneale with a halter

Exeunt.

about his neck, and Neale Mackener after him.

Mack. Oh what intends the great Oneale by this?

Neale

The famous history

Oneale. Neale Mackener, I do not weare this cord,
as doubting or fordooming such a death,
but thou who art my Secretarie, knowest
that my unkind rebellions merite more:
Wherefore I beare this hatefull cord in signe
of true Repentance, of my treasons past,
and at the Deputies foote on humble knees
will sue for pardon from her maiesties:
Whose Clemencie I grieve to haue abusd,
What savest thou: is it not my safest counsell,

Mack. Can I belieue that mighty shane Oneales
Is so defect in courage as he seemes
or that his dauntles dragon winged thought,
can humble them at any Princes foote.

Oneale What can I do my forces are dispersed,
my kindred slayne, my horses made a praye,
Oane, Ohanlon, and Magennis kild,
If the Quenes power pursue I am but dead,
If I submit she is mercifull
Our Deputy will graunt me life in her behalfe.

Mack. Thou canst not tell the state offended stands
And thou condemnst in euery subjects eies,
And I am censured for my practises,
Rather retire thee into Clangebog.
Where Alexander and Mack Gilliam Buske,
May ioyne their Scots vnto thy scattered troups,
And reinforce the English with fresh power,
If not at least thy life is safe with them:
Untill thy friends may reuente themselves.

Oneale. I would embrace thy counsell but I feare
The wrongs that I haue done vnto the Scots,
Sticks in the brest of Alexander Oge,
And he will take occasion of Vengeance.
Enter Alexander Oge and maister Gilliam Buske two Scots
put it in prose for here comes he and Busk.
Call off thy cord let not them see thy shame.

of Tho. Stukely.

Alex. Gillam the netwes are true of great Oneale.
Dundalke hath dasht his pride and quelled his power.

Busk. Occasion offers vs a faire Reuenge,
For our deere couzen pong Mack Agnus death.

Alex. Who'le take reueng on weknes thats deprest?

Busk. Who'le let his kinsmans blood vnmreaked rest.

One. Do they not see vs? or disdaine to see vs?

Mack. Salute them kindly.

One. Gentlemen good day

Alexander Mack Surlo and maister gillam Buske,

Fortune hath frownd vpon your friend Oneale,

My troups are beaten, by the English power,

If therfore you will togeue your Scotische aide,

With the remainder of my followers,

Your means may make recovery of my losse,

And you shall bind Oneale to quit your loue.

Alex. how can a Rebelle or a traitor hope
Of good successe against his soueraigne:

Whyle perhaps he may disturbe the state,

And dam himselfe but at the last he falls.

Mack. I thought thou hadst despisd the English churles.

Busk. Admit he did, how can he lone Oneale,

But chiefly the that was the counsellor,

To cut of pong Mack Agnus our deere couzen.

Mack. Not my accise but his too saluicy braues,
To great Oneale, did cause his cutting off.

Busk. Speake such another word Ile cut thy throat,
Thou traterous Rebelle Packener.

One. Mack gilliam Buske bpbzaide not Neale Mackener,

I did the deed and hold it was well done,

Because he bzand me in my owne command,

Alex. as thou dost vs now in our owne command,

For incesting offe foule a fact,

here is reuenge traitors haue at you both.

They Draw and fight, Oneale Flies, Alexander pursues

¶

him

The famous history

him out : Busk and Mackener fight and Mack. is slaine.
Fliest thou thou traitorous coward Shane Oneale,
I am too light a foote to let thee scape. (Exit after Oneale.

Busk. Hee stop your flight, you shall not follow him,

Mack. I meant it not proud overweaning Scot.

Busk. haue at thee then rebellious Irishman,
They fight Mack. is slaine. Enter Alex. with Oneales head.

Alex. For we are victors both, Mack Gilliam Busk.

Here is the head of traitorous Shane Oneale.

Busk. And here is his bloudie Secretarie dead.

Alex. No force ; this head for present will I send,
To that most noble English deputie,
that ministers Justice as he were a God,
and guerdons vertue like a liberall king,
This gratefull present may procure our peace,
And so the English fight and our feare may cease

Busk. And may all Irish that with treason deale,
Come to like end or worse then Shane Oneale. Exeunt.

Enter Hernand with stuklie brought in with Bills,
and halberds to them the Governours wife.

Stuk. Had I known thus much Governour I would haue
burnt my ships in the haven before thy face and haue sed
Waddocks with my horses.

Gou. Is thou and al thou hast at my dispose and dost deny
me upon curtesie : what I may take whether
thou wilt or no. Struckly if thou be cold so
He make thee know a Governour of Tales.

Stuk. Governour, will nothing but fine of my horses serue
your turne, Sirra thou gets not one
of them, and a haire would save thy life : If I had
as many horses as there be stones in the Island
Thou shouldst not haue one of them.

Gou. Knowe Struckly too
It had bene thy duty to haue offered them
and glad that I would grace thee to accept them,

what

of Tho. Stukely.

What is he that dares thrust into this harbor,
And not make tender of his goods to me.

Stuk. Why then know Gouvernor, here is once one that
dares thrust into this harbor:

That will not make thee tender of a mite,

For cares not of a haire how thou dost take it,

I will not give one of my hobbles for thy government.

Gou. I will be answerable to thee for thy horses,

Stuk. Dost thou keepe a tole? Wotst: founts dost thou
make a houle carter of me.

Gou. Nay Sirra then ile lay you by the heels,
And I will haue them enery horse of them:

Stuk. Thou getst no so much as a naile of one of them

No, if thou wouldest draw it with thy tath,

If you doe, ile clench it with your scalp,

Enter the Gouvernors wife.

Gou. Call me the Prouost heere presently one goes

Lady to one. Sirra is this the English gentleman

Of the attendants. Which brought the horses.

Ser. Madam it is he: this is the man:

Lady. How do they call him:

Ser. His Sirra us say, his name is Signeor Stukely.

Lady. Now by my troth and as I am a Lady Aside

I neuer saw a fairer Gentleman

I would it lay in my power to do him good.

Enter the Prouost.

Gou. Sirra as I haue seizd your ships and horses,

so I commit your Body vnto prison,

Unill his highnes pleasure shall be knowne,

Prouost lay Irons vpon him and take him to
your charge.

Lady. Well well, for all this, might I haue my will,

Aside. In faith his entertainment shoulde be better.

Stuk. You muddy clauie, you may by your power do a
little,

The famous history

Little but ile call you to a reckoning for
This Gere, and Sirra is a horse be not
Lacking if he be : ile make thee on thy bare
Fete, lead him in a halter after me to
The furthest paze of Spaine.

Gouer. Go to, thou art a base pirat.

Stuk. Sirra muchacho : you that haue eaten a horse
And his taile hangs out at your mouth, you lie.
All that thou canst do, shall not get a horse,
If saint Iaques your saint want a horse,
he should not get one of them : he should go
A foote sife all the dales of his life .

By this flesh and blood, Ile make thee repent it.

Gou. Away with him. Exit Stukley.

Lady. Yet good my Lord consider what you do
Surely the confidence of this mans spirit,
Shewes that his blood is either great or noble,
Or that is fortunes at his owne commaund.

Gou. I hold him rather to be some desprat pirat,
That thinks to domanyer vpon the Land
As he is vsde amongst his mates at Sea.
Besides, its leste disgrace to bear his braues,
here where your power is absolute and free,
And where he wholly stands at your dispose,
Then in a place indifferent to either,
And where you both should stand in equall termes.

Gou. If I did prize his honor with mine owne,
Then wise perhaps I might allow your reason,

Lady. Besids perhaps they may be for a present,
Which not in his heate, restraines him to disclose,
Which should they be to any prince of Spaine,
how til it may be taken at your hands.

Gou. This his committing giues some cause to doubt,
I care not, were they sent vnto the Deuill,
Where the commission of my Gouerment,

giues

of Tho. Stukely.

gives me as much as I demand of him,
To morrow Ile vnto the counte my selfe :
to day I haue some busines in the Ile.
and thwill be euehing ere I do returne, Exit gouerno,
Enter Prouest.

Lady. Prouest,

Pro. madame.

Lady. where haue you yet bestowed this gentleman

Pro. madam hes here within the pallace yet,
Ready to goe vnto the marshalsey,
He had bene gone but that vpon some busines,
I come to know his honours pleasure in :
And he is gone: but Prouest since your prisoned,
Is not departed I pray the bring him hether,
Ile see if by perswasion I can win him,
To yeld and to submit vnto my Lord.

Pro. Madam I will, He fetcheth him in.

lady. I thanke you : give vs leaue a little.
Faire gentleman: but that it is too late
To call back yesterdaie I would haue wisht :
That you had dealt more kindly with my Lord,
Sir it should seme you haue bene vnaquainted,
With the hot blouds and Temper of our Climate,
Or with a Spaniards noble disposition,
Whereas your kind submission might haue wrought
What your high spleene and courage cannot doe.

Stuk. Faire courteous Lady, had your beatus selfe
Asat any thing: a noble English hart,
had made you mistres of your owne deffers,
Wat to be threatned and subiected by him
Zounds first ile strap him out on's gouernment,
And ber his very marrows in his Bones.
Thinks he because I am fallen into his hands,
I feare his power, shoud ile stare his eies out first,
he lookes not one the Sun I dare not biane.

The famous history

I am starkly let him know my name,

Lady. Brave gentleman: yet I could have wisht
I had but bene of counsell with your thoughts,
But withou breach or touch of modesty
Queen for the love I beare vnto your country,
Mine honoz kept vnto which I protest,
I prize beyond the thing I hold th dearest,
Command what ever lieth in my power,
To comfort you in this extremitie.

Stuk. Madam; how much your noble Spanish curtesie
hath power in me,

A faithfull English hart shall manifest,
And I will be the champion of your honoz;
Where euer I become in christendome.

Lady. Yes know a Lady of spaine can be as kind,
as any English woman of them all,

What is it Signoz I can helpe you with

Stuk. my liberties the thing I most desire.

Lady. That presently I cannot warrant you,
But I will labor for it to my Lord,
With all the means my wits can all deuise,

Stuk. Then this Madam: might I possibly obtaine, but
To worke some meanes for me, by your best endeouers
That I may haue but one of my horses that I
Will chuse, and but respite for one day to
Ride a little way, vpon some earnest busines,
Now in the absence of your husband, and as I
am a seuldioz and a gentleman, and by the honozs
Of my Patron: I will come back by the prefixed houre.

lady. Sir should I deuise some means for the accomplish
ment of your desire, and that it should come to my husbanos
Care before your returne: I should harken
for your comming back, besides if by this meanes,
you should seeke to escape greater treasons
Might be objected, then I hope you are guiltie of,

and

of Tho. Stukely.

and what Danger both my life, and honoꝝ might incur
I Imagin you are not Ignozant.

Stuk. Madam, if all your wits can but hide
It but from your husband, if he should come before
I returne, for the other I dare payne my
Soule to you, that I will hold my word.

lady. Goe too, mine honor and life is your hate let your
Returne be ere a clock in the evening, I
Will once truste an Englishman on his word. (Exeunt.

Enter King Phillip with him Alua and Sancto
Daula, with them the Portingall embassador,

Phil. Speake reuerend intercessoꝝ for the Late
Of yong Sebastian, king of Portingall,
What craves our deare intire beloved cunſin,
Wherein we may befriend his Paie tie?

Bot. First sacred king the Soueraigne of my faith,
And Portugals vndoubted supreamie head,
Doeth kindly greet your highnes in all lone,
Next on behalle of your respectiue care,
And the league-bound of naturall amitie,
Which he mistrusts not: but combines ye both
as being kinsmen he intrets this boone:
That whereas lately from the king of Fez,
Muly Mahamet, to my royall maister,
Hath honorable ambassage bene sent
And great intreaty made to craue his aide,
against Mollucca brother to that king,
Who now intruds vpon Mahamets bounds,
and building on his priuiledge of age,
and inequality of matchles strength,
Strides to depriue him of his diadem,
It would serue good vnto your princely selfe,
as in the like we shall be ready still,
at Spaines intreatie to assist my lordes,
With some such necessarie strength of war.

The famous history

As in this action may conclude a peace,
to Portugalls great profit and renowne.

Phil. are then Molucco and his brother king,
at civill mutinie among themselves:

Bot. They are my Lord, and many twofull daies
the afflicted Barbary hath suffered spoyle,
and bin a prey vnto her naturall Subjects.

Phil. The right is to Molucco: wherefore then
Would Prince Sebastian ayde the other part?
Beside, Mahamet is an Infidell,
From whose associate fellowship in this
and all things else we Christians must reframe.

Bot. Grace but his reasons with your milde conceit,
Whereon he grounds his lawfull resolution,
and mighty Philispy you shall quickly find
this his intent to be most honourable:
Not for regard of any supream claim
the sterne Mahamet layes vnto the Crowne,
Nor any Justice that in his behalfe
May be presume vpon, both stout Sebastian
Lys to this motion, but for honours sake,
For Portugals chiefe good, and to aduance
the christian true Religion through those parts,
As he inclinde to undertake this war.

Phil. How can that be: acquaint vs with your meaning.

Bot. This worthy king: tis not vnknowne to you,
that diuers towne and citties situate
Within the borders of rich Barbary,
Which king Emanuell conquered by his sword
and left appropriate still to be enioyde,
of such as should be kings in Portugall.
Do, but by this preuention like to fall,
and be confiscate to the Moore againe,
but by an army thither brought in time,
not only these great citties shall be kept,

but

of Tho. Stukely.

But raising this Mahamet to the crowne,
And quite distinguishing his brothers claime
When we haue planted him : and that by vs,
The cuntry is subdued and kept in awe,
We shall not only still retaine our own
But for Mahamet to subscribe to vs,
And either he and his change their faith,
and worship that eternall god we doe,
and disanulling be disprised of life,
And so assume the Government our selues.

Phill. This tastes of honoz and of pollicie
Sight yt with like successe bee brought to passe.

Bor. With your assistance : there's no doubt my lord
But what we haue imagin'd shall ere long,
be truely and effectnally perform'd.

Phill. J. But Mulluccos Army doth consist
Of Dreadles Turkes and Marlike Sarazins,
Is much to be suspected in this case.

Bor. What can they do'though great their number be
When for their single force we come in strength,
Of Spaine, of Portingall and Barbarye.

Phill. Your reasons haue prenailed, what power is it
Our louing cousin doeth request of vs.

Bor. Of horse and foote indifferently commixt,
Only ten thousand will supply his want.

Phill. (Botellio, so I take it you are cald)
Give place a while till with our faithfull lord,
We haue aduise vs better on the cause,
and then you shall haue answer presently.

Now you supporters of our royall state, Exit Bor.
Alua : and Sanct Danulo, breifely shewe,
What your opinion is touching the sute
Of neighboring Portingals same-thirstie king.

Alua. That he attempts an enterprise wth y^e leige,
Will sooner breake his necke then make him great,

The famous history

Da. That hereby if occasion be laid hold on,
That Spaine and Portugal shalbe vnite,
And you the Soueraigne ruler of them both

Phil. Expresse thy meaning Danulo in that point,

Da. It shall not need I stand on circumstance,
Your highnes knowes Sebastian once remoude,
The way is open soly for your selfe,
Eith by force or by corrupting gold,
To slep into the throan, now for a meane
To cū him off: what better way than this,
To soth his purpose and to draw him on
With expectation of a strong supply,
But when he is set forth vpon his way,
And lest his countrey that without reproach,
And scandall to his name, he cannot retire,
Then to proclaim on paine of speedy death,
that not a Spaniard seme to ioyne with him,
So landed once in desert Baberie,
His weakned soulblozs and himselfe at once,
Shall fall befoze Mulluccos conquering sword.

Alua. Meane space to couloz your intent the better,
Quster your men as if you meant to aide him,
But with these men asone as he is gone,
approach the borders of faire Portugal,
That if it chaunce Sebastian doe seruis,
the pagans sword: yet in his absence we
may enter his dominions sack his towne,
and take possession of the realme by force.

Da. Withall dispatch, embassadozs to Rome,
and forthwith to intreat the Popes adnce,
Who in no wise befoze hand we are sure,
Will licence any chistian potentate,
to traffick or conuerse with heathen kings,
and so his prohibition may excuse,
and serue to cloake your breach of promise with.

When

of Iho. Stukely.

When tis perceiued you doe do not mde Sebastian

Phil. Your counsell well and fitting our desire,
That many yeares haue wisht that portingall,
And fruitfull Castile bring one continent,
Had likewise bin the subiect of one Scepter,
Call forth th'ambasider as you haue said.

Enter Bottella.

So will we dally with our countines suite,
My Lord Botellio we haue watghd th effect
Of your imballage and in nature bound,
Beside the affection of néere neighbour-hood,
To do our kin-man and your noble king,
All offices of kindnes that we can,
Tel him from vs we onely not commend,
His hauty mind in this attempt of his,
But his discret and politike proceeding,
And will therein to further his intent,
Arde him with twice fíue thousand armed souldioys,
And fiftie gallies all well furnished,
Which on the fourth of Iune neere to the Straights,
Of Giberaker in a haven there,
Called Ell Porto de Sancto Maria,
Shall waite his comming on toward Apheryca.
So wishing him a happy prosperous brother,
In all we may, we liue to do him good.

Bot. Thanks to the high and migh:y king of Spaine,
Stuk. Lord Sancto Danulo, bring him on his way. (Exit
and Alua now what thinke ye of this plot. Botel, Danulo.
Is it not too seuer, ambitious
and moze deceitfull than he comes a King.

Alua. a kingdomes thrust hath to despence my Lord,
With any rigor or extremity.
and that which in meane men would sceme a fault,
as leaning to ambition or such like,
Is in a king but well becoming him.

The famous history

Upon my life your grace hath well resolved
And howsoever vulgar wits repine.
yet regall maiesty muste haue his course.

Enter Danulo.

Phil. Danulo: what newes you are so soon returned?

Da. A gallant Englishman my gracious Lord,
Haughty in looke and haughty in his busines
But now arli'd at the court gate,
Earnestly craves admittance to your presence.

Phil. An English Gentleman let him draw nere.

Enter Stukly.

Stuk. Right high and mighty: if to kings in state,
And sacredly annointed it belong
To minester true iustice and reloue
the poore oppressed stranger, then from thee
Renowned Phillip, that by birth of place,
Wpholes the Scepter of a Royall king,
Stukley a souldior and a Gentleman,
But neither like a souldier nor a man,
Of some of thy vntwoorthy subiects handled:
Doeth challenge Iustice at thy sacred hands,
And succour gainst oppression offered him.

Phil. Oppression offered and by some of ours.

Stuk. Yes royall Phillip and in some respect
The vile abuse doth touch your maiesty.

Phil. Stand vp and tell the manner of thy griefe
And on our royall name we promise thee,
Thoffender shalbe sharply punnished.

Alu. A lustie man beloue me of his times.

Da. I and as knightly in his talke beside,

Stuk. Thus kingly Phillip hauing serud of late,
Under my princes army in the field,
against the rube rebellious Irish: where
Upon desire to trauell and especially,
Upon affection that I had to see

your

of Tho. Stukely.

your princely court so honorably famed :
As also to make tender of my loue,
and deutyous seruice to your maiesty,
Shipping my selfe with other priuate goods
Which I had purthast by my diute of sword,
I came to Cales : where landed with my pray,
In number thirtie hobbies for the shore,
One Don Herando there your goueenor,
attacheth both my ship and all therein,
and though I tell them that the hobbies were,
a present for your grace and for that cause,
I thither brought them, yet the becuill Lord,
Because he might not haue one horse of them,
To his owne vse, clapt irons one my heeles,
and in a dungeon like a gripple churle,
I think his purpose was to famish me,
But thit by straung aduerture and good hap,
I leapt his tirant fingers : hoping here,
If I might once get oportunitie,
To let your highnes vnderstand thereof,
I should finde remedy against his wrong.

Phil. Haue we such base ignoble substitutes,
That dare so hanonfly oppresse a stranger,
and such a one as came to offer vs,
The bounty of his hart in friendly gifts :
Let there be sent a messenger forthwith
To bring the wretch to answer his abuse,
and Stukley welcome to king Phillips court,
Repose thy selfe : thou shalt haue right with me,
and labor to againe thine enemye.

Stuk. I thank your Maiesty : but must intreat.
You would vouchsafe to pardon me in this
I needs must back againe to cales my Lord.

Phil. Be not afraid, thy goods shall be purloyned,
I heres not a mite but he shall bring it forth.

The famous history

Of his owne purse make it good to thee,

Stuk. It is not that and please your Majesty,

But I haue past my word I will returne,

And Stukley holds his promise as religion,

Phil. Well then my Lord of Alua giue in charge,

Some of our pensioners attend on him,

To bring Herando hether safely guarded,

Alua. It shall be done my Lord.

(Exe)

Enter Prouost and Governours wife.

Pro. What shall we doe, the time drawes on,

The English captaine promist to returne,

But yet he comes not: if my Lord should misse him

My life were lost, your credit thereby crakt,

Lady. Content the Prouost: such apparant sign.

Of manly disposition, shine in him,

Of baloz, gentry, and what not beside,

As I presume if he remaine alive,

He wil returne at his prefixed houre:

As yet the respite that was graunted him,

Is not expired I doe not doubt ere then,

But he will rid vs of the feare we are in.

Pro. Had we but Madgam, known which way he went,

Had him selfe tolde vs of the place,

To which he purposed to make his Journey,

Where had bene yet some comfort and some hope,

But ignorant of both how can we chuse,

But be suspitious and almost despaire.

Lady. Thou talkest absurdly: had we known the place

The cause which made him and which way he went,

What thanks were that to vs to let him goe,

Where we were sure to find him out againe,

Or how should tryall of his faith appeare,

In matters of no waight or geopardy?

Now being so that of our free accord,

Altho at the least respect but to his promise,

be

of Tho. Stukely.

He was dismiss and that he clearly says,
Tis at his charge to stay on his returne,
And yet will unconstrained keepe his bow,
approoves him true to loyall, be truely louing.

Pro. If I be ead in question for his absence,
Maddam I must relie upon your wit,

Enter Herando,

Lady. Be that thy refuge here Herando comes.

Her. Prouost I haue bethought me at the last,
How to dispose of Stukley and his goods,
part of his horses I will giue the king,
and part I will bestow upon my friends,
To these conditions if he condescend,
I am content he shall haue liberty,
and he, his ship, and men be so discharg'd.
But other wise ile cause his ship be sunke,
and he and his as pyrates suffer death.
Wherefore go fetch him to me presently,
I may be certaine if he le yeld or no.

Pro. Oh Maddam I am stricken dum and dead:
What shall I answer to my Lords demaund.

Lady. Be not so fearfull least thy guylty lokes,
argue suspicion of some treachery,

Her. Doeſt heare me Prouost fetch me Stukley forth,

Lad. Make it as though thou vnderstands him not.

Her. Maddam what whispers he into your eare,
that he neglects to do as I commaund.

Lady. He telles me my Lord: the English captaine,
Is growne submisſe and very tractable,
and of himſelfe is ready to reſigne,
as much as you require to haue of him,
and that euen now after his counſell heard,
How best he might craue pardon: of his pride,
his life reſiſtance, and abominous words,
Where to he answer that his readiest way,

The famous history

Was by petition to Sollicite you,
and so he tels me, that he left him studying,
How to intend some quaint conceited method,
Might draw hemozse from your displeased mind.

Her. Is he Prouost, become flexible?

Pro. Exceeding mild and penitent my Lord,
her. I thought his stomack would come down at last,
So bid him saue a labor with his pen,
and tell him we are here, let it suffice
If with his tongue he do recant his fault.

Lady. Nay let him write for writting will remaine
When words but spoken may be soone forgot,
It makes the better on your side my Lord,
That vnder-neath his hand it shall appeare,
By his consent and not by your constraint,
he made surrender of his prize to you,
So shall the world what after chaunce to fall,
Clere your extortion and abuse.

Her. It cannot be but he hath done ere this,
I prethee see : much matter in few lines,
Is quickly cougth by one of meaner wit,

Lady. It were not good to trouble him so soone.

Her. I will not subiect my desire herein,
and wait vpon his leisure look I say.

lady. Without some cunning shift we are vndone. Aside.

Her. Why staisst thou Prouost when I bid thee go.

lady. With draw thy selfe to satisfie his mind,

Pro. Helpe my excuse, sweet Paddam, if I faile.

lady. Let me alone : my lord, how glad am I,
There shalbe now ettonement of this strife,
and that this English gentleman is please.
To yeld obedience and your selfe as willing
To be appeas'd at his humilitey.

Her. I tell thee wise he stoupt in happy time,
Or all submission else had come to late,

Enter

of I ho. Stukely.

Enter Prouost.

Where is he Prouost : will he come to vs :

lady. Is he not yet returnd.

Pro. Naddam not yet.

(Aside.

lady. When doe I feare our plot will be discourred.

Her. Why speak I not man : where is thy prisoner :

Pro. He hath not yet my Lord set downe his mind,
he doeth tatrete your honoz slave awhile,
and he will then haue made an end of all.

Her. He waite no longer one his maister ship,
Giue me the key ile fetch him forth my selfe,

lady. What will you do, you fetch him forth your selfe,
I would not that for all the wrack in spaine,
will you so much annole your bitall powers,
as to oppresse them with the prison sinke,
You shall not : if you loue me come so nere :
The place is most tallie infected latelie,
and as the Prouost telles me diuers ile,
Of draung diseases, and no longer since
than the last morning, two were buried thence :
aske him me Lord if this be true or no.

Pro. It is most certaine there are many sick,
and therefore good my Lord refraine the place.

Har. Unlesse thou bring him straight way to my sight,
For daunger nor intreatie shall preuaile,
But I will enter at the doore my selfe.

lady. See once againe it may be his come,
Meane space ile hold him with some other talk. (Aside

Pro. Do gentle Naddam.

lady. If he be not come,
protract the time as much as in thee lies.

Pro. He tarrie long enough : nere doubt of that.

Her. Hurra before thou go : bring him forth,

Or loke to he in irons as he doth.

lady. I haue not scene you often times my Lord,

So

The famous history

So out of patience and so far from quiet,
You were not wont in things as great as this,
But that you would be perswaded by my words.

Her. I cannot tell how I may thinke of you,
Your busping of your selfe so much herein,
and speaking for this Englishman so oft,
Makes me suspect more then I thought to do.
lady. suspect as how, that I doe fauor him,
Or if your meaning that I go about.
To set him free, your best accuse me flatly,
That I haue taught him here to breake the prison,
Is this the recompence for my good will,
Haue I this thanke for being Provedent,
and carefull for your health: go where you will,
suspect thy selfe and me, cut short thy daies
Do any thing that may disparage you,
hereafter I will learne to hold my tongue.

Her. how now my loue, what angry for a word?
lady. haue I not reason when you grow suspicious,
Of me that am your selfe your bosome friend.

Her. I prethee be content I meant no harme,
I know thou wouldst not preiudice my state,
to be the emperesse at all asia here (Now he comes.

Enter Stukly in Gyues.

lady. then do I cast of feare,
and whilst I liue hereafter will I trust,
an Englishman the better for his sake.

Her. Wheres the submission that ye told me of,
call ye this repentance for his pride.

Stuk. Wh a t craues the mynd gouernoz of calles.

Her. Obstinate captaine that thou lend thy knee,
and make surrender of what I require,
Or thou and thine like pyrates all shall die.

Stuk. I cannot heare, I would you would speak louder.

Her. Dost thou decide me.

Stuk

of I ho. Stukely.

Stuk. Not deride you Sir.

But for my hobbies Ile not spare a haire,
So much of these tales, to pick your teeth,

lady. Sweet captain speake him faire at my intreat.

Stuk. Waddam I owe my life to do you service
But for his threats I do not care a rush.

Har. How haue I bin deluded by your words,
he scornes me still, knock off his yron gyues,
and let an Executioner be sent for
I will not stir vntill I see him dead.

Stuk. Herando, I do dare the worst thou canst.

lady. Oh do not prouoke him so.

Stuk. content you Waddam, Stukely beares a mind,
that will not melt at any tyrants words.

Her. callst thou me tyrant so, it is enough,

Enter Marshall.

In sooth Ile try your patience for that word.

Mar. Herando, In his maiesties high name,
I charge you presently prepare your selfe,
to make apperance at the court this night,
and bring this gentleman your prisoner here,
together with such horses as you haue.
Of his in your possession: saile you not
As you will answer it vnto your perill.

Her. how knowes the king he was my prisoner,

Mes. What answer make ye will you goe with me.

Her. With all my hart: this Stukely is some diuel
And with his sorcery hath incensed the king.

Stuk. Hernando, if your Lordship want a horse,
One of my hobbies is at your command.

Her. he flatters me: But I must dissemble with him
brave Signior Stukely what so ere hath past,
Betwixt your selfe and me conceiue the best
It was but triall of your fortitude,

¶

And

The famous history

and now I see you are no lesse indeed
Than what you seeme a valiant gentle man,
I do embrace you with a brothers loue,
Come let vs goe Ile do you any grace,
Vnto the King my honour extends vnto,

Stuk. when I do need it, I will thanke ye Sir.
But Haddam wherein may I quittance you,
whose kindnes is the cause of all my good.

lady. I craue not more for any thing I doe,
But that you vertuously report of me,
and in remembrance of me weare this scarfe.

Stuk. This on mine arme, your selfe with in my hart,
Doeth Stukely bow perpetually to beare. Exeunt.

Enter Vernon and a Maister of a ship with the
Lantado and two or three officers.

Ver. Signoz Lantado by your patience,
It is no inack: noz you by law can cease,
vpon the shipoz gods here call away.

lant. Sir, Sir, your negatiue is of no force
you are part-owner haplie of the ship,
Or else capemarchant ventred in the fraght,
Your speech is partiall to saue ship and godes.

Ver. Examine then the maister of his oath?

lant. So we intend.

Ship. M. Sir you haue knowne me long,
and neuer knew me falsifie my word,
Much lesse mine oath, which I will falsifie patwne,
My life and all to falsifie the truth

lant. Whence was the ship.

Ship. Ma. Of London?

lant. What her name.

Ship. M. The Pebrant?

lant. What burden was she of.

Ship. M. Two hundred tonne.

lant. And what her Lading?

Ship. M.

of Tho. Stukely.

M Ship. Packs of English cloth,
This gentleman ought neither shippe nor goods
But came from Brittain as a passenger,
For at Saint malloves we had cause to touch
To take a board a marchants Factor there,
and there we found this honest gentleman.
very desirous to be shipped for Spain.
In luckles hour he brought his trunks aboard,
and in more halpes time the same are lost,
Ver. small losse were that if all the rest were safe,

The men are lost onely we two survive.
Whom you by shewes of pittie, haue enforset,
to come ashore and leaue the crazed shippe,
And will ye now forget what you haue stowne?
and like to make a wrack of that is none.
set vs abroad againe and let vs bide,
The hazard of the tempest and the tide.

Lant. We are ashore, and thanke mee for your liues,
Which said, why should you value shippe or goods?
You sweare you are but passenger, let passe
let the owners and the marchant beare the losse
Ship. What if he should? The master there am I,
and were I dead, if any did survive
and liue aboard, you can not make a wrack,

Ver. No I will kneele before the king of Spaine.
Before my Countrey men such losse sustaine

Lant. proud English man since thou art peremptorie.
Thou shalt not kneele nor see his maiestie, Away with them
Trumpets sound. Enter king Philip: leaning on Stuklees.
Shoulder, alua, Davita, Valdes that was the messenger,
Hernando before bare, and the Gouvernor. hernando after
(with other.

K. Phil. Heroyck Stukely, on our royal word
We neuer did esteeme a present more,
Than those faire Irish horse of your franks gift.

Stuk.

The famous history

Sunk. Repoubted Phillip Royall Catholique king,
It pleaseth so the Bounty of your spirit,
To reckon them that that are of little worth,
But if your highnes knowe my inward zeale,
To do you seruice past the worlde compare,
You would esteeme those thirty Irish Iabes,
As thirty mites to all the Indian mines.

K. Phil. How we esteeme your present and your selfe,
Our instant fauours shall aduertise you.
Alua and Sancto Danuia shall declare,
To gallant Stukley what regard we beare,

Ver. Crosse of all Crosses why should sea and wind,
Spare me to liue where double death's assignd,
If possible that Stukley so delect,
In England? lues in Spaine in such respect.

K. Phil. Stay what are these.

Ver. Poze luters to your grace,
An English ship is split here in the Riae,
And this Lantado the Mizadine rall,
Comming aboard and seeing vs aloue,
The sole remainder of a hundred Soules,
Entised vs by christian promises,
to come a Shore as pittyping our case,
Our fate no sooner toucht this Spanish earth,
Than he would make a wrack of ship and gods.

Lant. Dead Soueraigne true, the ship is split and sunke
and euery billow ouer-takes the hull,
this lying couple crept by to the pope,
In dread of daunger and of present death,
In charity I tooke to saue their liues.

Ship. M. With promise and prouiso gracious king,
that no aduantage should be tane thereof,
Else had I staid though he had gone a Shore,

K. Phil. Why, what are you.

Ship. M. The Master of the ship.

K. Phil.

of Tho. Stukely.

K. Phil. And he the owner of the venturerer,
and would dectine vs of our royaltie.

Ver. Upon my life great King I meant it not,
I am no Owner nor venturerer,
I came but in her as a passenger,
But afore I saw the tide was at the highest;
and ebbing water would haue laid vs dry,
The ship belonging to my place of birth,
I was resolu'd to bide the utmost hant,
and saue the ship and goods for the english owners,

K. Phil. Whereof you may be one.

Stuk. Heare me great king,
If you beleue this best haue any spark,
Of hono: or of Tulger honestie,
Then credite me this gentleman that speaks,
Was neuer owner of a ship in's life.
Nor Marchant venturer though both trades be good.
But well deri'ud of rich and gentle birth,
Holds it his blisse to be a traveller,

K. Phil. Your Protestations haue perswaded vs
Lantado leaue them and discharg the ship,
and genleman, and shipper stay without,
This honorable countreyman of yours,
shall bring our further pleasure for your good.

Ver. If in the Basilisks fore-prizing etc,
Be safety for the object it beholds,
Then Stukley may to Vernon comfort bring,
His men are safe at Sea when Syrens sing.

Exit Vernon Ship Maister and Landato.

K. Phil. How gallant Stukley, boast of Phillips grace,
By such imployments as we haue assignd,
The king our couzene Don Sebastian,
Solicites vs for aide to Africa,
In hope to conquer the Barbarians.
The further Princes of that parched soile,

The famous history

Are at contention Who shall weare the crowne,
And the young king of Portugall beleues,
And so do we, their strife shall breed him peace,
And for he stands ingagd by Royall oath,
To helpe the king Fez against his fe.

And craues assistance from vs of his blood.
We haue consented with condition,
to giue it him if Rome doth hold it fit:
and you braue Stukley are the man select,
to carrie to the Pope our Embassie,
and we will furnish you for these affaires,
Do not admire the strangenes of our choice,
In pointing you before our native nobles,
But thinke our loue, our hope, or your desert,
Or all conioynd aduance you to this place.

Stuk. Most sacred and mightie king of Spaine,
though many reasons might with stand belief
that you would chuse me your ambassador,
Yet since your highnes twice hath spoke the word,
I humbly credite and accept the chorg.

K Phil. and to defraie your charg in our affaires,
Our bountie shal excede her vsuall bounds:
First for it is the time of Gublie,
Next for you go from Phillip King of Spaine,
and last for high regard we hold you in:

Stuk. With fauor I will straddle to deserue.

K Phil. It is deserud: Valdes deliuer you,
Five thousand Ducats to Don Stukleyes hands,
Here are our letters and commission,
with such Instruction as concerne the cause,
So much for that: now for your countrey men,
whose ship miscaried here vpon our coast
we do allow them all couentent helpe,
For your sake to reouer ship and goos,
and that their losse may seme so much the lesse.

of Iho. Stukely.

We do acquit them of all custome fees,
So gallant Stukley carry them these netles,
and make you ready for these great affaires.

Exit.

Stuk. Ready to serve and follow your command (Stuk.

K Phil. Are not these English like their country fish,
Cold gudgeons? that will bite at every bate?
how easily the credulous soles believe,
The thing they fancy, or would wish of chance,
Using no precepts of art perspective,
To see what end each project sorteth to,
Hernandes tell me what is thy conceit,
Of our election and of Stukleys worth?

Her. Most gracious and dread soveraigne pardon me,
To speake of Stukely in particuler,
Because your frowne lies heavy on me yet,
For that I did and offered him at Cales,
But generally I censure the English thus,
hardy, but rash, witless, but overweening
Else would this English hot braine weigh thintent
Your highnes hath in thus imployning him

Phil. Thou judgest rightly, it is not for love,
We beare this nation that we grace him thus,
but use him as the agent of our guile,
For if the matter were of great import,
Or that we would keepe touch with Portugal,
and albe his boyage into Barbarie,
Stukley should have no hand in these affaires,
but now we deale as Lords of Alnegards use,
Stop with one bush two gappes into their ground,
One must we send to Rome to Jubile,
and Stukley for his guilt must have reward,
One bounty guilted with employments grace,
Serves both the fornes, and sends proud Stukley hence,
Albes, five thousand Ducats pay him that,
So are we rid of a fond Englishman.

(Exit Omnes.

Enter

The famous history

Enter Stukly, with Vernon and the Ship Maistar.

Stuk. But is it certaine that my wife is dead.

Ship. M. Sure as I liue I saw her buried,
First dide the mother, then the daughter next
Then old Sir Thomas Curteis liued not long
And dide not rich: but what was left, he gaue
Part to his brother, part to the hospitall.

Stuk. Then wheres the part hee left his sonne in late.

Ship. M. Pardon me sir he left no part for you.

Ver. Your part and graund part were consumed to sonne.
To haue a poepon left you at the last,

Stuk. Friend Vernon leaue such discontenting speech
your melancholie ouer flowes your spleene,
Euen as the billowes ouer racke your shippe,
Whose losse the king for my sake will restore,
Then fare me not good Vernon with graund parts,
Whats twenty thousand pound to a free hart.
Twenty weekes charges for a gentleman,
A thousand pound a week's but faire expence.

Ver. your wife dide not worth such a weekes expence.

Stuk. What remedy yet Stukly will not want,
Shes gone and all her friends their heads are laide
God resurrection haue they at the last,
then shall we meeete againe: In the meane space,
Tom Stukly liues, lastie Tom Stukly,
Graft by the greatest king of christendome.

(Enter one of the K. men.

Nuntio. the gouernor of Cales Hernandes states
to erpe you mercy and to take his leaue, (Exit Nuntio,

Stuk. there let him staie I leaue him to himselfe
I loue him not nor malice one so meane.

Enter Valdes, the king don Stukly praxes to speake wth you,
But euen a word, he will not staie you long,

Stuk. I shall attend his highnes by and by (Exit Valdes
For old acquaintance and for Cuntrey sake,

vernon

of Tho. Stukely.

Vernon and maister, let me Banquet you,
It shal be no disgrace to feast with me,
Whom the king bleth with so great respect.

Ship. M. Pardon sir, I must go see my shippe,
Whose owner shal be thankfull for your fauour.

Stuk. What saies maister Vernon.

Ver. I, some other time,

May trouble you although it be not now.

Stuk. As your occasions shall induce you sir (Exit Stukly)

Ver. God maister for if any thing of mine,

May from the ship bee safely brought a shoze,
And I will see your paines considered

Ship. M. I do not doubt but all your stiffe is safe,
The hatches are as close as any chest.

Nothing takes hurt but what is in the hold,
Because the keele is split vpon the sands,
He send your trunks a shoze and then provide,
To seeke our drowned men and to burie them, (Exit

Ver. Not all the drowned, but those are drowned and dead,
For I am drowned in my conceit alius,
Some sinne of mine hath so offended heauen
that heauen will send offence vnto mine eye.
What should I think of Stukly or my selfe,
either was he created for my scourge,
or I was borne the foile to his faire happes:
or in our birth our starres were retrograde.
In Ireland there he braud his Gouvernor,
In Spaine he is Companion to the king,
His fortunes mounts and mine stoops to the ground,
he as the Vine, I as the Colewort grow,
I live in euerie ayre but where he breaths,
his eie is as the Borgons head to me,
and doth transforme my senses into stone.
some hold Spains climate to be very hot,
I seele my blood congeale to yce in Spaine,

The famous history

The Leopard liues not nere the Elephant,
Nor I nere Stukley, Spaine farewell to thee,
Either Ile raunge this vniuerse about,
Or I will be where Stukley hath no being. Exit.

Enter Stukley, Valdes, Auklys Page,
and one bearing Bags sealed.

Auk. How many Duccats did the king assigne?

Val. Fiue thousand.

Auk. Are they all within these Bags?

Val. Well nere.

Stuk. how nere?

Val. Perhaps some twenty want.

The Bags are set one the Table:

Auk. Why should there want a Parmady? a mife?
Doth the king know that any Duccats lacks,

Val. he doth and saw the bags would hold no moze,
and seald them with his signet as you see,

Auk. Valdes retorne them I will haue none of them,
And tell thy maister the great king of Spaine,
I honoz him but scozne his nigardice,

Cast the Bags to the ground.

And spurne abridged bounty with my foote,
a bate hale twentie from fiue thousand Duccats,
Ile giue fiue thousand duccats to my boy,
If I had promisd Phillip all the world
Or any kindome england sole except,
I would haue perisht or perford my word,
and not referud one cottage to my selfe,
Nor so much ground as woud haue made my grave;
Foster for duccats if he take the tyth,
Tell him ile do his busines at Rome,
hpon my proper cost bot for his crownes,
Since they come cartaild carry them againe
Come boy to horse, away, Spaniard farewell,

Val. Stay Sir I pray ye til I moue the king.

Auk.

of Tho. Stukely.

Stuk. Thou must a mountaine sooner then my mind,

Exit Stukely and his Page.

Val. What a high spirit hath this Englishman,
He tunes his speaches to a kingly keye,
conquers the world, and cast it at his heeles,

Enter King Philip and his Lords.

Here comes the king.

Phil. How now is Stukely gone.

Val. Gone and will do your busines at Rome
though he refused the Duccats you assignd.

Phil. How so.

Val. Because that twenty Duccats want.

Phil. Amongst five thousand may not twenty lack,

val. No no, he supposeth you repent your gift,

If you abridge your bounty but a mite.

Phil. Not so; the world shall Stukely go without,

Go ad a thousand Duccats more to these,

and post and pray him not to be displeas'd,

Tell him I did it but to try his minde,

which I commend above my treasury,

If England have but fifty thousand such,

the power of Spaine their coast shall touch,

come Lords to horse to Cyvilt lies our way,

Waldes! I charg you to eschue delay. (Exeunt Omnes.)

Enter Sebastian, Antonia, Herando, the

Cardnall and Botellio.

seba. the great and honored promise thou returnst vs,

From our brave kinsman Philip king of Spaine,

My Deare Botellio ads a second life:

unto the action that we have in hand,

the ioyfull breath that issues from thy lips,

Comes like a lasty gale to stoffe our sails,

curling the smooth bowes of the Affrick deepe,

let me heare thy tongue sound once againe,

the charfull promise, of our new supplies,

The famous history

Bot. Why thus imperiall Spaine bad me returne,
Unto the great puissant Portingall:
Ten thousand soote: of gallant Spanishe blood,
Men borne in honor: and exployts in war,
And not on Indian or Base ballard Poore;
Fifty his gallies, of the proudest Vessels,
That to this day yet ever Wace an Ore
To meete you at the Port De sant Maria,
The fourth of June.

Sebast. The fourth of June, at Port De sant Maria
Ten thousand soote, and fiftie of his Gallies,
By land and sea, and at a certaintime,
Oh what a gallant harmony is here,
Methinks that I could stand and still repeat them,
A month together, they so please my soule,
O Antonio: O what an armie is here,

Turning to the king of Portingall,
I tell thee cosen: neuer christian King,
Cam with so proud a power to Africa

Anto. And yet the Greatnes of your royall spirit,
Makes all this nothing, so your glozy things,
aboue the power of spaine and Portingall.

Sebast. cosen Antonio .to pay Bottello back,
The interest of his spanish embassy,
as you haue taken muster of our powers,
Report the number what our army is.

Anto. Unto your number of Ten thousand spaniards
In the kings army: add to this Bottellio:
Thre thousand mercenary spanish Poore,
Of voluntary balliant Portingals,
Thre thousand three score speciall men of armes,
The Garrison of Taicet, and light horsemen,
Five thousand and foure hundred,
Five thousand Germans and Italians,
My power thre thousand and the Duke Averos,

Doubt

of Tho. Stukely.

Doubles my number, if fully more
Besides the powder that we do expect from Rome,
thirty seauen thousand wee are now compleat.

Sebast. Our army Joynd with that Mahamet brings,
his Barbarians, and his Mountaine Swyes,
Brought from the Desarts of burnt africa,
His baliant Turks : traind vp in spoile of war,
his souldiers of Morcco and of sius :

To fifty thousand as his promise is.

Ha Braue Antonio there will be a powder,
to affright the very walles of Fes,
and make stout africk tremble at the sight,
Where we shall braue her on the sun burnd plains
and with our cannons chynsh her wanton head,
O my Antonio how I long to see,
how spanish blood and turkish will agree.

Anto. How shall it please your sacred Maiesty,
to appoint the seuerall charges of this war.

sebast. Cosen antonio in this beate of war,
for the safetie of our royall kingdom,
Let vs yet speake of things concerne our peace,
although but briefe . first our dearest cosen,
for your princely selfe,
your right vnto the crowne of Portugall,
as first and nearest of our royall blood,
that should we faile : the next in our succession,
tis you and yours, to sit vpon our throne,
Which is our pleasure to be published.

anto. Long may my liege & soueraign Lord Sebastian,
Sit on the royall throne of portugall.

sebast. we thank you princely cosen,
Our deare and reuerent bnckle Cardinall,
vnto our selfe commit our wars in africa,
for the great trust we repossit in you
We do bequeath our kingdoms gouernment,

The famous history

As one whose wisdom and Nobilitie,
Deserves the great protection of our Realme.

Card. The most unworthy of that royall place,
Whose many yeares and unbecommitie,
are but too weak to underprop the burthen
But may the remnant of my age be spent,
To Portugals restesse and your content.

Sebast. Now Antonie vnto our severall charges,
Your selfe will share the fortunes in these wars,
We do commit a Garrison of Tanicere,
vnto the leading of Aluares Peres,
our voluntary Portugalls to Lodouico Ceasar,
the mercenary Spaniards to alonso,
Mereneces Lieutenant generall of our forces,
Tanara for the German collonell,
and now set forward let our Ensigns fly,
Either victorious, or if conquered dye.

Eeter Chorus.

Cho. Thus farre through patience of your gentle ears
hath Stukleys life in Comicke historie
Bin new revivde, that long ago late lakke
in dust of Africke with his bodie there:
Thus farre vpon the steps of high promotion
his happle starres aduaint him. Now at highest
as clearest summer daies haue darkest nights,
and euerie thing must finish: So in him
his state declining drawes vnto an end,
For by the Pope created as you heard
Marquesse of Ireland: with that new honoz,
Embarked and virtualed thinke him on the Sea:
and that the time Sebastian had set downe
to meet with Philips promiss ayde is past:
Toward Africke he, toward Ireland the other,
are both adrest vpon the boisterous waues:
But meeting what strange accident befell,

how

of Tho. Stukely.

How he was altered from his first intent,
And he deluded by the hope he had,
To be ascribed by the Castyle King,
Regard this shew and plainly see the thing.

Enter at one doore Phillip King of spaine, Alua and souldi-
ors they take their stand : then Enter another way, seba-
stian, Don Antonio, Avero with drumes and ensignes they
likewise take their stande. After some pawle Antonio is
sent forth to Phillip, who with obeyiance done appro-
ching away againe very disdainfully : and as the spanish
souldiors are about to follow Antonio. Phillip with his
drawn sword stops them and so departs. Whereat seba-
stian makes shoue of great displeasure, but whispering
with his lords each incorageing other as they are about to
depart. Enter stukly and his Italian band : who keping
aloof, sebastian sends Antonio to him, with whom stuk-
ley drawes neere towarde the king, and hauing awhile
conferd, at last retires to his souldiors, to whom he makes
show of perswading them to ioyne with the portugeese :
at first they seeme to mislike but last they yeelde and so
both armie meeting imbrace when with a sudden
Thunder-clap the sky is one fire and the blazing star ap-
pears which they prognosticating to be fortunat depar-
ted very ioyfull.

So far was Phillip as you haue beheld,
from Lending aide vnto the Portugeese,
Is not content to vndergo the Blot,
Of breach of promise but with naked sword,
Of vnauided Justice threatens such,
As should but offer to depart the Land.
Whereby the prince though very much disturbed,
Yet not dismayd so haughty was his mind,
Resolueth still to prosecute his Journey,
and whilst they are debating on the cause,
stukly by weather is dawns in to them,

The famous history

Who being knowne what courtyerman he was,
What ships he had and what Italian bands,
and whereto he was bound : the offence thereof,
the great dishonor and Implety,
Laid open by Sebastian, straight recants,
and moves his souldiers which with much ado,
at last are won to make for Barbary,
So sooner was this fellowship contriude,
and they had found their armies both in one :
But heauen displeas'd with their rash enterprize,
Sent such a fatall comet in the aire,
Which they misconstruing thone successfully,
doe hast the faster furtoeing through the deeps,
and now suppose but too the wretched houre,
and too that dam'd Mahamet whose guile,
this tender and unskil'd yet balliant king,
Was thus allurd vnto a timeles death,
that in Tyrill a towne in Barbary,
they all are lauded : and not far from thence
Doe meete that stragling fugitive the Poore,
With some small forces : what doeth then ensue,
we may discourse but chuse to sendome shall kee. (Exit
Enter muly mahamet with Calipolis drawne in their chari-
ot, with them a messenger from sebastian.
sebast. So let ten thousand of our guard be sent,
to entertaine the great Sebastian,
and welcome christian to the king of Fesse,
and tell the portingall thy royall master,
that africk makes obeysance to his seat,
and stoops her proud head lower than his kne,
tell him mine eyes are thirstly for his presence.
mel. I will returne to tell your highness pleasures
maha. Do so begone.
and let our chariot be drawne softly forward,
where I and my Calipolis will sit,

of Tho. Stukely.

to grace the entrance of gret portingale,
Now faire Calipolis rouse thy proud beauty,
and strike their eyes with verber of thy selfe.

He leaps from his Chariot.

Enter sebastian at the sound of Trumpets
Dismount the Mule from the chariot wheels
to entertaine the mighty chadian king,
welcome Sebastian king of portingale.

sebast. thanks to the mighty and imperiall fesse,
whoe thus alights the mighty emperoor.

muly. that I will do great portingall the grace,
to set thee by Calipolis my Queene.

sebast. Let mighty Mulis selfe supply that place,
and give me leave to attend upon your lone.

muly. Mount the Sebastian Muly do. & command,
It is my pleasure I will have it so,
Mount the biane Lord and sit thee on her stee,
and say Sebastian that the sonne of Phœbus,
upon his fathers fiery burnishd carr,
here sat so glorious, as the portingall,
Ioue would exchange his Scepter for thy seat,
and would abandon Iunos godlike bedd,
Might he in on my faire Calipolis,
Well om Sebast. an loue to africa.

Calip. All wel om that Calipolis can give,
To the renowned mighty Portingale,
here sit sweet prince and rest thee after toil,
He wipe thy Browes with leaves more sweet and soft,
Then is the downe of Cichereas fans,
He fan thy face, with the delicious plumes,
Of that sweet wonder of Arabia,
With precious waters He refresh thy curls,
Whose v. re saour shall make Panthers wild,
and lively smell of those Dilicious stœres
and with such glorious liquors please thy tast,

The famous history

As Helens goblet, neuer did containe,
Nor neuer graffe the banquetts of the Gods.

Muli. Then speake the comfort of great Muli's life
her teeth more whiter, than Canase frosty clots,
where she vnlocks the portals of her lips,
Beautie a Phoenix burneth in her eie,
Which there still lueth, as it still doth die.

Stuk. Why heere a gallant, heere a king indeed,
He speaks all Pars but let me followe such a
Lab as this: This is pure fire.

Every looke he casts flasheth like lightning,
Fires mettles in this Boy.

He brings a breath that sets our sailes on fire,
Why now I see we shall haue cuffs indeed.

Anr. Both afore God, he is a gallant Prince,

Muli. What Princes be these in your company?

Sebast. That is our cousin Prince Antonio,
The other Stukley the braue Irish Parquesse.

Muli. Noble Antonio, and renowned Parquesse,
ten thousand welcoms into Astrya.

An. Thanks to great Muli.

Stuk. To your mightinesse.

Muli. Next now the neighing of our warlike horse
shall shake the pallace of commanding Ioue,
Our roaring Canons teare the highest clouds,
and fright the sunne out of his wonted course,
Astricke Ile die thy Tabur sands in bloud,
and set a purple on thy Sonburnt face,
This is the day thy terror first began,
Before great Muli and Sebastian,
Dine on, and I will lackie by thy side,
these Christian Lords I trust will take no scoone,
When Muli-hamer beares them company.
Away, Excunt,

of Tho. Stukely.

Two Trumpets found at either end : Enter

Mully hamet and Antonio,

Anto. Second thy sonne what ere thou best that callest,
and tolth thy proud importance grēt our eares,

Muly ham. What African oz warkck Portingall,
comes forth to answer.

Anto. Muly Hamet I.

Muly. Antonio.

Anto. The same proud Moze: that proud Portugal.

Muly. Where is sebastian: he comes not forth
Himselfe to answer me.

Enter sebastian: Mahamet
and the traine.

sebast. Were Muly hamet, here Gout African,
What wouldst thou Vannet with the portugise
Wheres abdelmeleck thy proud haughty brother.

Enter Abdelmeleck and his traine.

Abdel. heare braue sebastian king of portingall,
sebast, Dart thou there: thy selfe in presence then.

What wouldst thou beg proud abdelmeleck speake,

abdel. Beg, it is a word I neuer herd before
yet vnderstand I what thou meanst therby,
thers not a child of manly Zariksline,
But scorns to Beg of Mahomet himselfe,
We shall lead fortune with vs bound about,
and sell her Bounty as we do our slaues,
we mount her back, and manage her for war,
as we do vse to serue Barbarian horse,
and check her with the snaffle and the razins,
We bend her swelling crest, and stop and turne,
as it best likes vs haue portingalls,

sebast. weellspur your Jennet lusty african
and with our pikols, weele prick her pamp'ed sides
vntill with parking she do breake her gerths,
and sling her gallant rider in the field,

amb

The famous history

and say proud More: that so said Porzingall.

Abdel. Thy words do sound of honor chastian king,
Which makes me therefore pittie thee the more,
And so: to w that thy valour should be sunke,
In such a basty vnknowne sea of Armes.
Where thy bid courage, cannot beare that saile,
That thy proud haughty spirit would gladly haue,
Therefore Sebastian cast aside these armes
that thou vnustly beares against thy friend,
and leaue that traitor that but trains thee on,
Into the jaws of thy destruction.

Muly. Braue pong Sebastian king of Porzingall,
and Don Antonio here me gallant Lords,
Muly Mahamet, but you are in presence,
Would thinke himselfe damnd euerlastingly,
But to hold tack with so base a slaue,
Whose coward melting sooke for very feare,
Comes frighted by and do tyme within his bosome,
and saies would find a message from his breast,
So Daunted with the terror of our armes,
That he is mad his souldiers will not flie,
That with some conloz he might turne his backe,
Sest thou the power, of a strike in my hand
Like furious lightening in the hand of Ioue,
to dash thy pride, and like a raging storme,
to teare those Turkish flags that spread their silks,
vpon the strandes of peacefull africa,
and quakest not slaue: with terror of the same.

Hamet. Dare but my brothers Bazar: and a slaue,
that should haue kered at Abdelmelechs feet,
send these proud threats from his audacious lips.

Maha. Downe Dog: and crouch before the feet
Of great Morisco: of mighty Felle:
But why boughstase I language to his slaue,
Where me Sebastian: thou braue Portuguese,

of Tho. Stukely.

I Mohamet king of mighty Bus,
whose Countreys bounds and limets do extend
From mighty Atlas: ouer all those Lands,
that stretch themselves to the Atlanticke Sea,
And loke vpon Canaraes wealthy Isles,
And on the west to Gibaltaras Straights,
those fruitful For-lands, and the famous towne
Assure sebastian king of portingall
Most glorious and triumphant victorie.

Abdel. Heare me Sebastian, heare me youtfull king:
and abdelmelech will receiue thee yet,
And clip thee in the armes of gentle peace.
forsake this tyrant and ioyne bands with me,
and at thy pleasure quietly possesse,
The towne thou holdest in africk at this day,
Aginer, Zahanra, Seura, Penon, Melilla,
Which Muly Mahamet, will dispose thee of,
If by thy means he should obtaine the day.

Sebast. Say Abdelmeleck, tell me wilt thou yet
Disarme thy power, breake these rebellious armes,
Which now thou bearest gainst the king of Fesse,
and great Sebastian king of portingall:
Yet of Mahamet, will obtaine thy life.

Hamet. Loke on the power that Abdelmeleck brings,
Of braue resolved Turks, and baliant Moors,
Approued Alarcks: puissant Argolets,
as numberles as be these Africks sands,
and turne thee then and leaue thy petty power,
the succor sayling you expect from spaine,
and bow thy knees for mercy portingall,
unto. Our very slaues our Negros, Muleters,
able to giue you Battaille in the field.
Then think of those that you must cope withall,
The portingall and his approued power.

Muly

The famous history

Muly-Mahamet and his balliant Moors
The Irish Marques, Stukely and his troups,
Of warlike Germans and Italians,
Aluarez, Caesar, Menefis and avero,
Proud abdelmeleek, knurle and beg for grace,
abbel. Then proud Sebastian I deny all meanes.
Maha. Therefore Mahamet and Sebastian farewell.

Excursions.

Enter Sebastian, antonio, auaro and Stukly
In counsell together.

Sebast. Advise vs Lords if we this present night,
Shall passe the river of Mezaga here,
Upon whose sundry banks our tents are pitch,
Or stay the morning fresh approaching sun.
aue. In my opinion let vs not remove,
The night is darke the river passing dape,
And we our selues and all my troups my Lord,
Exceeding weary with the last daies march.

anto. My Lord Avero counceils well me thinks.

Sebast. Whats your opinion Marques of Ireland?

Stuk. My Lord might I perswade neither to night,

For in the morning should ye crosse the river:
Our men are weake, the enimie is strong,
our men are feeble, they in perfect health,
Beside tis better discipline I iudge,
To let them seeke vs here, than we them there,
Considering what aduantage may be had.
Gainst them that first attempt to passe the river,
Again, on this side whatsoeuer fall
We haue Larassa and Morrocco both,
Strong towne of succor to retire vnto.

Sebast. Retire vnto, talkes Stukely of retreat
are you muelled with a Marke the name,
Grast with the title of a fierve spirit,
Menomby, and talkest so of fortitude?

AND

of I ho. Stukely.

and lurks there in your brest so meane a thought,
Can there issue from your lips a tear me,
So bale and beggerly, as that of sight,
I rather thought that Stukley would haue said,
We haite here and are not swift enough,
In seeking sit time to begin the fight.

Stuk. Conceit me not Sebastian at the worst,
You craud my counsell and in that respect,
I speake my conscience if you like it not,
Condemne me not therefore of cowardise,
For what I said was as a faithfull friend,
Carefull we should embrace the safest course.
But as I am I om Stukley, and a captaine,
Neuer knowne yet to stand in feare of death,
Wise when you will his sote that is the formost,
His sword that fastest drawn my sote and sword,
Shalbe as forward and as quickly drawne :
Say do but follow and we lead the way,
He be the first shall wade vp to the chinne,
Or passe Mezagas chamell, and the first
shall giue assault vnto the enemy,
So little do I feare they steamed bymt,
Or hardest fortune that attends on war.

Enter Muly.

Muly. To armes to que king, to armes couragous Lords,
Bright crested victorie doeth wait on,
And all aduantage that may be had,
Offer to fill our hands with wished spoile,
and chere our hearts with endles happiness,
False Abdelmeleck mortally is sick,
For feare I thinke that we shall banquish him,
his seruitors mutinise, and his best friends,
Begin to wauer and mistrust the cause,
Of which three thousand of his stout Alarks,
menbery expert with the shielde and Launce,

L

This

The famous hiltory

This night are fled to vs who likewise tell,
Of many thousands more that will renolt,
Where we but ordered once within the field,
I dare assure ye had not crost the riuer,
As now the day breake calles vs to labour,
So that there might be expeditious means,
For such as do affect vs to depart,
Halfe abdelmelecks, army would forsake him.
Sebast. No longer great Mahamet will we linger,

Who gaue direction by our pponers,
So soon as any beames of light appeared
Within the East: to settle to their work,
and make our passage sinother through the forde,
and least they loyter we our selfe in person,
will overlook them that by ten a clocke,
Within yonder plaine adiacent to Alcazar,
The lot of happy fortune may be cast.
Come Lordes and each vnto his seuerall charges.

Muly. Brauely resolu'd, my selfe will follow you,
and so it happen that Mahamet spæd,
I weck not who o' turk o' christian blæd.

Exeunt.

The Trumpets sounding to the Bataile. Enter abdelmeleck
and sebastian, fighting: after them againe, Muly Mahamet,
and Muly hamet: then antonio: with some other passing
away, then: they retired back, abdelmeleck alone in the
battell:

Abdel. Fetch me one drop of water any man:
and I will giue him Tanecers wealthy Towne,
The sands of africk, are so parching hot,
That when our blood doth light vpon the earth,
The drops do sæth like Calozons as they stand,
Tell Meade like Inck it cleane vnto the houe,
Of our fierce Jekets: which sunke vnderneath vs,
Overcome with heate: soine water, water beue.
soul. My Lord you haue bene very lately sick.
Running in hart, and scarcely yet recovered your disease,

of Tho. Stukely.

Withdraw your selfe out of the murdering presse :

Hazard not so the safety of vs all.

abdel. So stand and preach vnto the droughty earth
Perswade it if thou canst to shun the raine,
Whose soule to death is thirsty for reuenge,
Rush through the ranks, let the proud christians know,
That abdelmeleck holmes their ouerthrow. (Exit running.

Enter Sebastian.

sebast. The sun so heats our armor with his beames,
that it ooth burne and seare our very flesh,
that when we would stretch out our armes to strike,
Our parched senewes crack like parchments scroles,
and fly in funder that our armes stands out
Rife as our Lances, and our swords fall down,
Panting for breath.

and stick their enuious points into the earth :

Muli mah. there neuer yet was such heat before,
Since Phaeton set this vniuerse on fire,
that the earth fearing he had liu'd againe.
and got into the chariot of the sunn,

Opens her wide mouth like a gaping wall. Hastilie.

sebast. Muli mahamet say, how stands the day ?

muli mah. Fly, fly Sebastian : for the foe pynalles,
Dugall. who led foure thousand men of war,
Is now reuolted to the enemy,
farewell Sebastian, this our latest night,
I will assay to save my selfe by flight.

Enter a companie set vpon sebastian, and kill him, they go
out, enter a soldier bringing in abdelmeleck on his back,
muli-mahamet following.

muli-mahamet. I neuer feard that my coragious Brother,
would wade so far : in o this home of war,
that he would be too lauidh o' his person.

Soul. My Lord be died not by the dint of sword :
But, being overcome with toile and heate,

The famous history

Not well recovered of his dangerous sickness,
Sunk downe for faintnes, and gave up his soule.

Muly In the secrets maner that thou canst deuise,
Convey his ropail course into our tent,
For if his death should once be blowne abroad,
It were a means to overthrow the day.

Enter a souldior running.

Exit souldier carrying his body.

Speake stau who has the advantage of the day.

Soul. Our valiant turques, and Moors haue get the field
Sebastian slaine : Muly Mahamet fled,
And abdelmeleck crownd with victorie.

Muly. Whine glorious sun, and beare vnto the west
Petres of our conquest : and fright those that dwell,
Vnder our feete with Terror of our name,
Slaine in thy fiery palstrae a yet awhile,
And trot them lustily on those apple planks,
To looke vpon the glory of the day.

Exit.

Enter Don Antonio, disguised like a priest searefully

Lookinge about him.

Anto. Ah poore Antonio, which way canst thou take,
Whi dreadfull horror dogs thee at the heeles ?
Sebastian slaine, Muly Mahamet fled :
All Portingalls braue Infantries slaine,
and not a man of marke or note aliue.
Thou glad to hide thee in a priests disguise,
Thy Chaplen, that came with thee to the warr,
and in this battell like wise lost his life.
Heauen (be thou please) this yet may stand in need:
If not, thy will then be accomplished.

Enter three or foure Turkish Soldiors.

1. Soul. He, he, a priest yet left aliue.

Mirra, come heither, how hast thou escapt ?
What, shall we kill him ?

2. Soul. No, kill him not, first let vs ransack him.

what

of Tho. Stukely.

What hast thou Sirra, that may saue thy life?

Anto. All that I haue my friends, ile giue ye freely,
So it may please ye but to saue my life?
Which to destroy will do ye little good.

2. Soul. Come then be bræse, lets see, what hast thou?

Anto. This purse containeth all the coine I haue,
These Bracelets my dead Lord bestowed on me,
That if I scape, I might remember him,
In my deuotions and my daily prayers.

2. Soul. Whose priest wast thou?

Anto. Ferdinands, duke of Aueros.

2. Soul. Well listen fellows it will do ye little good

To kill him, when we may make benefit
By selling of him to be some mans slaue:
And now I call to mind the wealthy Poore,
a maleck that dwelles here in the Fesse, Heele giue as much
as any man, how say ye shal it be so.

2 Soul. No better counsell can be.

Anto. Thy will O God be done, what ere become of me

Chorus.

Thus of Alcazars battell in one day
three kings at once did lose their haples liues.
Your gentle fauour must we needs entread,
For rude presenting such a royall sight,
Which more imagination must supply:
Then all our utmost strength can reach vnto.
Suppose the Soldours, who you saw surpris'd,
the poore dismayed prince antonio:
Haue sold him to the wealthy Poore they talkt off,
And that such time as needs must be allowed,
already he hath past in seruitude,
Sit now and see vnto our stories end,
all those mishaps that this poore Prince attend.

After antonio's going out

Enter Muly hamet with victorie.

Al 3.

Soul.

The famous history

Soul. The certain number that can yet be found,
and of the christian Lords,
The Duke of averro : and the bish. of Cambra, and Portus
The Irish Marques, Stukley, Count Tanara,
two hundred of the chiefe nobility of Boxtungall,
and muly Hamet, passing of the forde,
With swift Larissa to escape by flight,
His horse and he both drowned in the river.
muly. See that the Body of Sebastian,
Have christian and kingly Buriall,
after his country manner for in life,
A Braver spirit nere lived upon the same,
and let the christian bodie be interd,
for muly-mahamet : let his skin be dead,
from of the flesh : from foote unto the head,
and stuf within : and so be boyn about,
through all the partes of our Dominions,
to tere the like that shall pursue,
to lift their swords against their souerayn.
And in Remoziall of this victory,
for ever after be this fourth of August,
Kept holy to the service of our godes,
Throug all our Kingdoms and dominions.

Enter Stukley faint and wearie being
wounded, with him Vernon.

Stuk. Come noble Vernon that I meete you here,
Where the day far more bloody then it is,
our hope more desperate and our lues beset,
With greater perill then we can devise.
Yet should I laugh at death and thinke this field,
out as an easie bed to sleepe upon.

Ver. Oh maister Stukley since there now remaines,
No way but one, and life must here have end,
Pardon my speech, if in a word or two,
Whilst here we breath vs, I discharg my soule.

of Iho. Stukely.

I must confesse, your presence I haue found,
Not that I hate you but because thereby,
That griefe which I did study to forget,
Was still renewed, and therefore when we met,
In Ireland, Spaine, and at the last in Rome,
and that I saw I could no way direct,
My course but alwaies you were in my way,
I thought if Europe I forsooke that then,
We should be far enough disioinde but loe,
Euen here in Aphrick we are met againe,
and now there is no parting but by death.

Stuk. And then I hope that we shall meete in heauen,
My master Vernon In our birth we two,
Were so ordaind to be of one selfe heart,
to loue one woman, breath one country aire,
And now at last as we haue sympathize,
In our affections lead one kind of life,
So now we both shall die one kind of death,
In which let this our speciall comfort be,
That though this parched earth of Barbary,
Drinke no more English blood but of vs twaine,
yet with this blood of ours the blood of kings,
shall be commixt, and with their same our same
shall be eternize in the mouthes of men.

Ver. Forgive me then my former fond conceits,
And ere we die let vs embrace like friends,

Stuk. Forgive me rather that must die before,
I can requite the friendship you haue shewne, Imbrace,
So this is all the will and testament,
That we can make our bodies we bequeath,
to earth from whence they came our soules to heauen,
But for a passing bell to toll our knell,
Our selues will play the sex ons and our swords,
shall ring our farewell on the burgars, Is,
Of these blood thirsty and brutall turks.

Inter.

ne famous history

Enter foure or five Italian souldiers,
They lay hands on him.

Stuk. Where he is lay hands vpon him first,
Souldiers what meane ye: will you mutinise?

Ver. He is your Leader doe you seeke his life?

2. To lead vs to destruction, but if he
had kept his Oath he swore vnto the Pope,
we had bene safe in Ireland, where now
we perish here in Africk but before
the fall of death, we both to see him dead,
then brave Italians stab him to the heart,
That hath so wickedly behauide your liues,

Ver. first b.aines you shall triumph in my death,
and either kill me if I set him free.

Stuk. Heare we you bloody villaynes.

2. Stab him souldiers.

Vernon fights with some of them to saue Stukley and is
slaine of them, in the meane while the rest stab Stukley

Stuk. Oh haue you slaine my friend.

2. Yet doth he prate.

Stuk. England farewell: what fortune neuer yet,
Did crosse Tom Stukley in, to show her feowne,
By treason suffers him to be ouerthrowne.

Dies.

F I N I S.



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